WHITE POWER REPORT

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WHITE AMERICA

Stop Complaining

Stand up...

...and be counted!

JOIN UP...JOIN IN!

WHITE POWER

THE ONLY WAY

OUR RACE IS OUR NATION

VOL. 1 – NO. 10 JULY 1977

THE WHITE POWER HYMN

by Eric Thomson Music: The Horst Wessel Lied

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White Man unite, unite to save your nation
America, for which we fought and toiled
Our racial enemies swarm 'round us in elation
The snake of Zion has us in its coils.

The White Man has the right to his own Nation
On this his land, his Banner stands unfurled
He will not give it up to Jewish speculation
He will not see it into darkness hurled.

The Day's at hand, the Day of Liberation
For the White Man, the Leader of the World
To cut the golden chains of alien domination
The Swastika becomes our mighty sword.

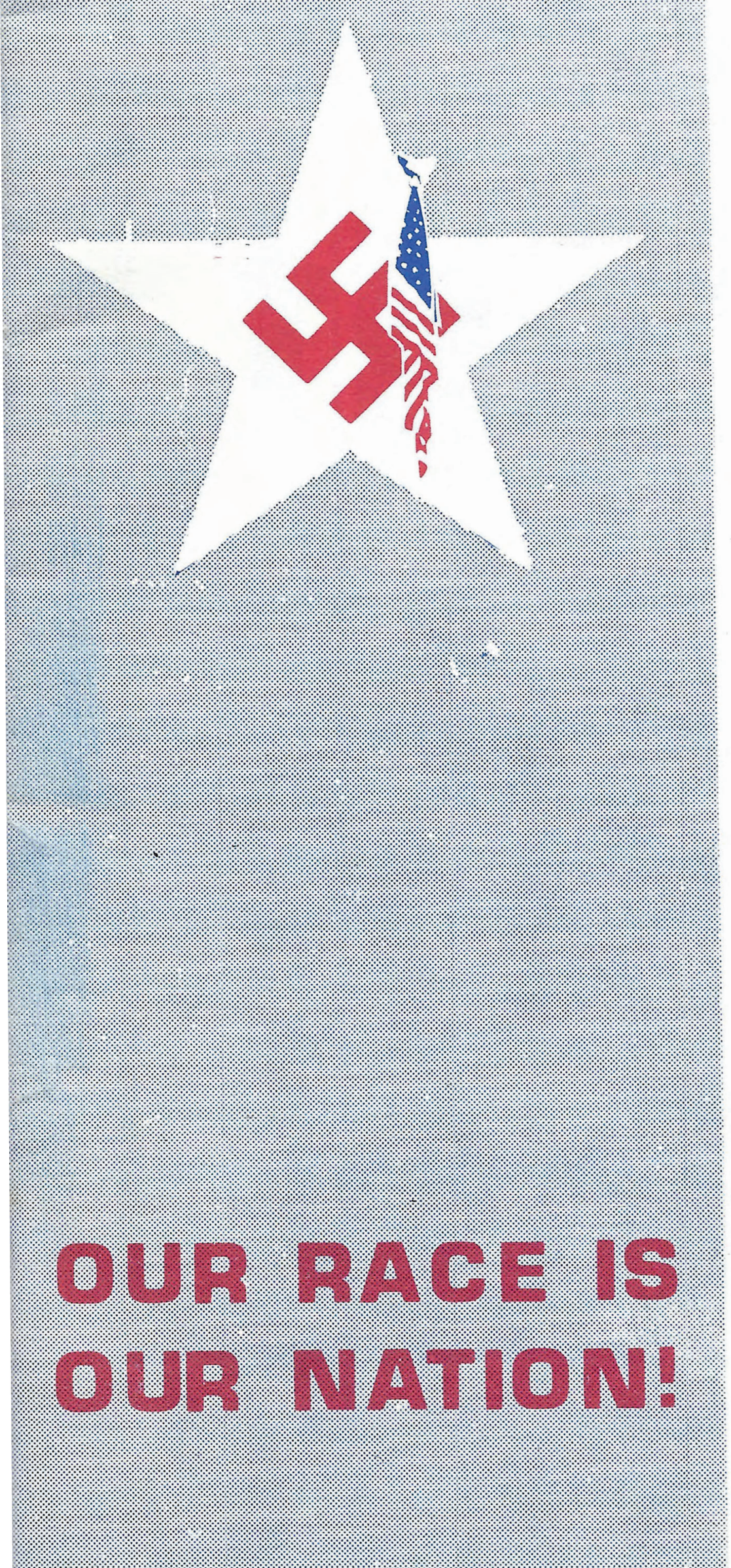
Our Race commands we join this great formation
No man can face his enemies alone
When White tribes forge themselves into a single Nation
We'll have the might to protect our dear homes.

The White Man stands confused upon the hour
Until he sees the Banner we've unfurled
Now he knows Victory's the Future of White Power
We march with our White comrades 'round the world.

The White Man's Race is truly his great Nation
With White Power he comes into his own
No more victim of artificial separation
Whole continents he now can call his own.

OUR RACE IS OUR NATION!

WHITE POWER REPORT



OUR RACE IS OUR NATION!

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this time the world

by

George Lincoln Rockwell

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CHAPTER III

Fortunately, childhood and youth knows nothing and cares less about serious political and social affairs. I was much too immersed in the immediate deluge of human misery which surrounded me as I started to grow up and became conscious of the world to observe or care about the insane rush of Western Civilization into the abyss of chaos in the 1920's.

There was no lack of the disease which I later learned was and is killing our civilization, in my family environment.

By the time I was six, my parents had been divorced, there was a sheriff's auction of our home and I began to be forced to listen to hours-long lectures by my mother's sister, Arlene, on the rottenness and vileness of my father. Aunt Arlene, as this female tyrant was known to us, considered herself a great expert and master of everything. The fact that this opinion was not shared by anybody else only made her all the more fierce in the attempt to impress the 'fact' on my weak-willed mother and on my brother, sister and me. My little sister was too young to be bothered much by such affairs and my mother simply stepped aside while Arlene became the boss of the place. My brother, at a very tender age, revealed his genius as a diplomat; when Arlene sat him down to hear one of her 'lectures', he agreed heartily with all her statements, exclaimed at her profound wisdom, etc. and was quickly excused with happy smiles by the fat 'victor'.

I, on the other hand, revealed my own nature in just the opposite way. When Arlene would corral me for a lecture, I would try, at first, to escape with my brother's tactics by agreeing with her pronunciamentos. But then I could not help just the tiniest bit of argument when she would make a particularly heinous charge against my father, which seemed irrational to me. The slightest opposition would rouse this human dirigible to fierce determination to suppress the mutiny. And this, in turn, even though I was six or seven years old, roused in me an even fiercer determination not to be bullied out of what seemed reasonable.

I was often forced to listen to these 'lectures' until far into the night. My poor, patient, weak mother would try feebly to rescue me, by getting me to do as she and the rest did – give in and crawl out of it – but I could not do it.

I can imagine the glee with which the Freudian brainwashers will dive into this material here, sure that they have learned at last the source of what they must, perforce, try to explain as my 'neurosis' or worse. But I will remind these discoverers of evidence which they themselves plant that my brother was exposed to this same kind of thing and his reaction, even at four or five years of age was the opposite of mine. No, gentlemen, my reaction to these things was not caused by this tyranny of Aunt Arlene – it was a surge of force deep within me, as my brother reacted with the native genius for diplomatic wriggling which he displays to this day.

Half of the time, my brother and I would be shuttled to penitentiary duty with Arlene and the other half, we were freed to be with my father and his common law wife, Madeline, in Maine. My sufferings, struggles and fun as a boy were, I suppose, relatively normal when we were with my mother and 'Arlene the Great', with the exception of the midnight lectures.

But the time with my father gave both my brother and me an outlook on life and an intellectual disposition which we both treasure. We have found that the nonconformist approach he showed and transmitted to us has enabled us to outdistance most others in creativeness, time after time. He was unbelievably curious about *everything.* We looked into the plumbing business, got tools from Sears and went about doing plumbing for people, just for fun. We investigated photography and built an enlarger. We held autopsies on fish to see what they had been eating and found amazing things in sharks' stomachs. We argued happily and endlessly as to whether a pig, who knew nothing of his stupidity, was happier than a man. We brought home a man and a monkey in the organ-grinder business for long discussions and lunch.

Another guest was a mental doctor who claimed he could shorten or lengthen your legs, and I remember we had the whole roomful of people, including celebrities like Fred Allen and other entertainment luminaries, stretched out on the floor to see if their legs would grow. We all learned to play chess and there were a few times when the whole outfit got so deep into the game that the McNaught Syndicate, for whom my father wrote a column, sent call after call for the latest piece and finally had to send a man all the way to Maine to stir him up. While we chugged the twenty or so miles out into the Atlantic for deep sea fishing at three and four in the mornings, even when I was only eight or nine years old in sneakers and flapping shirt, we endlessly discussed fine points of politics, history, magic, art and the whole gamut of subjects usually reserved for college and adulthood. In the evenings, my brother and I would lie in our beds listening to the shrill cry of the seagulls on the Maine coast, smelling the clam flats and the bayberry fields, and my old man would scooch down for an enchanted hour or so during which he told original stories I will never forget. His best were about "The Old Scout", an incredibly tough and masterful Indian battler. Several times he told of his own childhood visits to the home of the MacPhersons in Nova Scotia, where he said he had actually seen battles with the Indians. I have my doubts of this, but I didn't then and freely and happily forgive the old gent for a bit of poetic license, if he did use it; it was well worth it.

Even now, I get goose flesh as I remember the smell of his pipe, the hushed voice and the magic of the Maine dusk as we listened to these superb flights of imagination. Usually the stories would end with all of us falling asleep, the old man only minutes after us. But sometimes he would drop off first, muttering the last few words half consciously and leaving us in impossible suspense. Then our shrill young voices would pierce his ears. "Daddy! Daddy! Wake up! How did the Old Scout get out of the Indian fire and get untied and out of the way of the buffalo stampede? Daddy! Wake up!" Then the imagination was not so hot and the Old Scout would suddenly discover some hidden friend who quickly rescued him – and the old man. We were not to be so easily swindled, however and usually demanded another version before the tired purveyor of these masterpieces was excused.

Above all, my father taught me to question *everything.* No fact was too sacred to be examined and judged by itself. No authority was too holy to be looked into for probity. If anything, we were taught to be downright suspicious

of all that was supposed to be beyond doubt. I was already of this disposition and my father's training tremendously strengthened this quality of mind and personality.

But I also received other instruction from my male parent which was not so helpful. The policy of "anything for a laugh" was unfortunately extended to everyday life and I can remember my father bringing howls of laughter from me when I was still almost a baby, being undressed. My garments, shoes, etc. were violently removed in a sort of game where every piece was violently flung on the floor to the battle-song of "Throw it on the floor, BANG! BANG!" This, of course, delighted me no end, but fostered untidiness, which is one of the plagues of my life. Then there were the sessions when my tiny brother and I would be stood against the wall for "roaring" practice, to develop our voices. "Roar like a bear," we were ordered and we tried to oblige. Those who have heard me speak or who will hear me, will testify to the efficacy of this "bear" training – but it was not much of an advantage before I became Commander of the Nazi Party. My father's friends were also the source of much instruction. Fred Allen, Benny Goodman, Walter Winchell, Groucho Marx and a host of others all had their turns as guests and I found each most interesting. Allen was pure joy to be near and when my Pop and Allen got to punning and tilting at each other with stories and side-splitting anecdotes, it was one of those precious and rare times when life is 100% positive fun, unalloyed with the petty or large annoyances which so often spoil even the best times we have.

But Allen's wife, Portland, gave me the shock of my fourteen or fifteen years when she was the first woman I ever heard say a filthy word – and in our livingroom, at that. She used the Anglo-Saxon word for body waste to express her distaste for some idea or other – and I will never forget the experience. Never, in all those young years, had I heard a female say such a word and I thought of her immediately as an object of unbelievable disgust. In discussing the matter later, with my father, I learned that she was Jewish. I asked him if Jewishness had anything to do with it and he said they were very "sophisticated people" who meant no harm by it. But he also told me of Henry Ford's accusations against the Jews and how they forced him to apologize, and said there was no getting away from the power of the Jews, "They're too smart."

Except for the permanent memory of my shock at hearing that awful word from a lady in our family drawingroom, I thought no more of it and don't even remember thinking of Portland as anything but a woman who said a horrible, vulgar word for the first time in my presence. I know the Jews and 'liberals' and Freudians will once again leap like trout to the fly here, and be sure this is the source of my 'hatred' of Jews. But it is simply not true. I assimilated this experience with millions of others and did not even notice whether the hundreds of Jews in Atlantic City High School, where I went for four years and many of whom were my best friends, were Jews or Hottentots. That may be an unfortunate choice of words, because hundreds of my school comrades in Atlantic City *were* Hottentots! And I didn't particularly notice or care about this either. The Jews simply cannot accept it, of course and the brainwashed will not accept it, but my hatred of organized Jewry stems directly and only from the discovery of what most – but not all – Jews are doing to the Nation and the

People I love. There may have been some slight vestiges of prejudice in my upbringing, but no more than in the upbringing of millions of other American boys who are not leading Hitler movements.

An example is Walter Winchell, with whom my father and I once rode to New York from Atlantic City in the drawing room of a Pennsylvania Railroad train. I was fascinated by the fast-talking, nasal twanging man and the stories they told each other. I had no hatred of him at all – only a fairly warm liking and admiration. But the next time I saw Walter, whose real name I had since learned was Isadore Lipshitz, was two years ago in front of the White House where we were picketing against the kidnapping of Eichmann by the international bandits of Israel. Walter was standing with a group of cops, watching us. I went over to take his picture. At the top of his lungs, as he himself boasted in his column later, he hollered at me the filthiest of all epithets, not once, but several times. When I mentioned this violation of the most fundamental municipal laws, the cops said they hadn't heard it. And Walter went on in his column to display his intimate connection with the filthy pressure and terror group we are fighting by announcing that I would probably be committed to St. Elizabeth's, the project which the vicious Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith then had in the works and sprung on me a few weeks later, although I didn't know it then. But Walter knew. I hate such cowardly and sneaking tactics and the people who engage in them. I hate Walter Winchell for his lies and for trying to bully people out of their ideas and open discussion of facts, not because of his 'religion'. Who gives a damn what he does in his synagogue! It is what he and those like him do to innocent Americans in the way of smear, economic persecution and suppression of facts which I roundly hate and which I am proud to hate.

Benny Goodman is another Jew from whom I learned something. He came up to our idyllic home in the pine woods of Maine where there was a perfect balance of gracious living and wide open nature. He was supposed to stay for several days' vacation, but he lasted only an evening. Being away from the crush of people was more than he could bear and he scurried back to the soul-destroying hothouse life of New York City with his millions of fellow Jews. Since then, I have visited "Grossingers" in the Catskills where the rich Jews go out into the beautiful country to 'get away from it all' and then crawl all over each other in a transplanted imitation New York, like a mass of swarming hornets.

But in those days, I knew none of this and probably would not have cared if I had known. As previously mentioned, I attended Atlantic City High School for four years and one of my best friends was a Jew named Lennie. I not only had no prejudice whatsoever, but liked my Jewish companions immensely for their brilliant minds and sharp conversations. There was one characteristic of them which shocked and appalled me, but I took it as simply a characteristic of a few individuals, not a characteristic typical of their whole group, as I have since sadly learned that it is. This was their nastiness of mind. I assure the reader that I am not concocting this as propaganda, but sincerely recalling things as they were.

While all the boys, of course, thought of and talked of intercourse and such subjects as rudely and as often as possible, those who I now realize were Gentiles were thoroughly sex-minded, you might say, but not weird or depraved, while

the Jews – I remember particularly a hawk-nosed individual – took a delight I could not understand in perverted ideas of sex. Hawk-nose particularly dwelt on the idea of intercourse with corpses and another Jew once wrote a little playlet in which Hawk-nose and two ghoulish friends come to a graveyard to dig up Rockwell for his vile purposes and speak of the matter with incredible nastiness. I remember being appalled at the filth of the thing, but also admiring the virtuosity of the writing so much that I glossed over the nature of this creative piece. I still have this nasty thing in the files from my high school days and one has only to read it to discover a different kind of mind than will be found in even the coursest and dirtiest-minded non-Jew.

At the same time, during my senior year in this predominantly Negro and Jewish high school, I was having my first small-scale political battle and didn't realize it. There was a course in "Problems of American Democracy" taught by an old duffer named Schwab. His method of instruction consisted largely of assigning large portions of the textbook pages on the blackboard and requiring these to be transcribed word for word into the students' notebooks, while he occupied himself with other matters privately at his desk. In any event, I hated such stupid ideas, as if one could fill one's head as one filled a bucket, by filling a notebook. This was an outrage against all reason and I rebelled as I once rebelled at my Aunt Arlene's outrages against reason.

It was my last year of high school and although my marks were not good, they were not too bad, either. In four or five months, I would graduate. But, as with the lectures and arguments with Arlene, I could not bring myself to bow down to what I considered tyrannical folly. I had heard much in those days of the "New Deal" of the strike – so I 'struck'. I brought pulp Western stories to class, placed my feet on the desk and ostentatiously read these while the class bent over its mechanical task in the bulging notebooks. Mr. Schwab, of course, inquired as to just what I was doing, somewhat in the manner of Oliver Hardy asking Stanley a similar question. I replied, with all the sangfroid I could muster that I was on strike, that I absolutely refused, as a matter of principle, to copy any more of the textbook into the notebook.

At first, he was apparently amused by this monumental arrogance and would ask me every day as I came in if I were still on strike. I would then prop up my feet and bury myself in the latest gun-fighting episode of my Western magazine. The other kids were somewhat awed by all this and the girls were almost terrified at such impudence in the face of the 'almighty'. Seeing my apparent success, however, a few of the boys joined me – and that did it. Nothing spreads among boys in school like an apparently successful plan for avoiding work.

So I was informed I would not graduate, unless I immediately wrote in all the missing notebook pages and went back to the copying routine in class. I refused to negotiate and insisted I would not copy another line. I was threatened, reasoned with and begged, but I would not back down. So I did not graduate. But Mr. Schwab was called into conference and the next year, the textbook copying business was eliminated from the course.

While this was going on in class, my private life was proceeding along fairly normal lines. I played football and hockey, poorly, but enthusiastically, with the other guys – including Negroes – became a radio amateur, did cartoons for the

school paper — and 'fell in love'.

In my 'homeroom' was a sweet young thing named Jean and, although I would have died before permitting her to know it, I almost literally worshipped her. But what a miserable, disgusting coward I was about it! Other young men around me were quite brassy about approaching the girls they liked, and there were plenty of rumors as to this or that couple actually sleeping together. But it took me almost a year to ask this angel for a date. Before that I would roller-skate to the end of the street where she lived, a distance of four or five miles, peek around the corner for a glimpse of her and then roller-skate the four or five miles back home, my blood pumping so hard I could feel it in my throat!

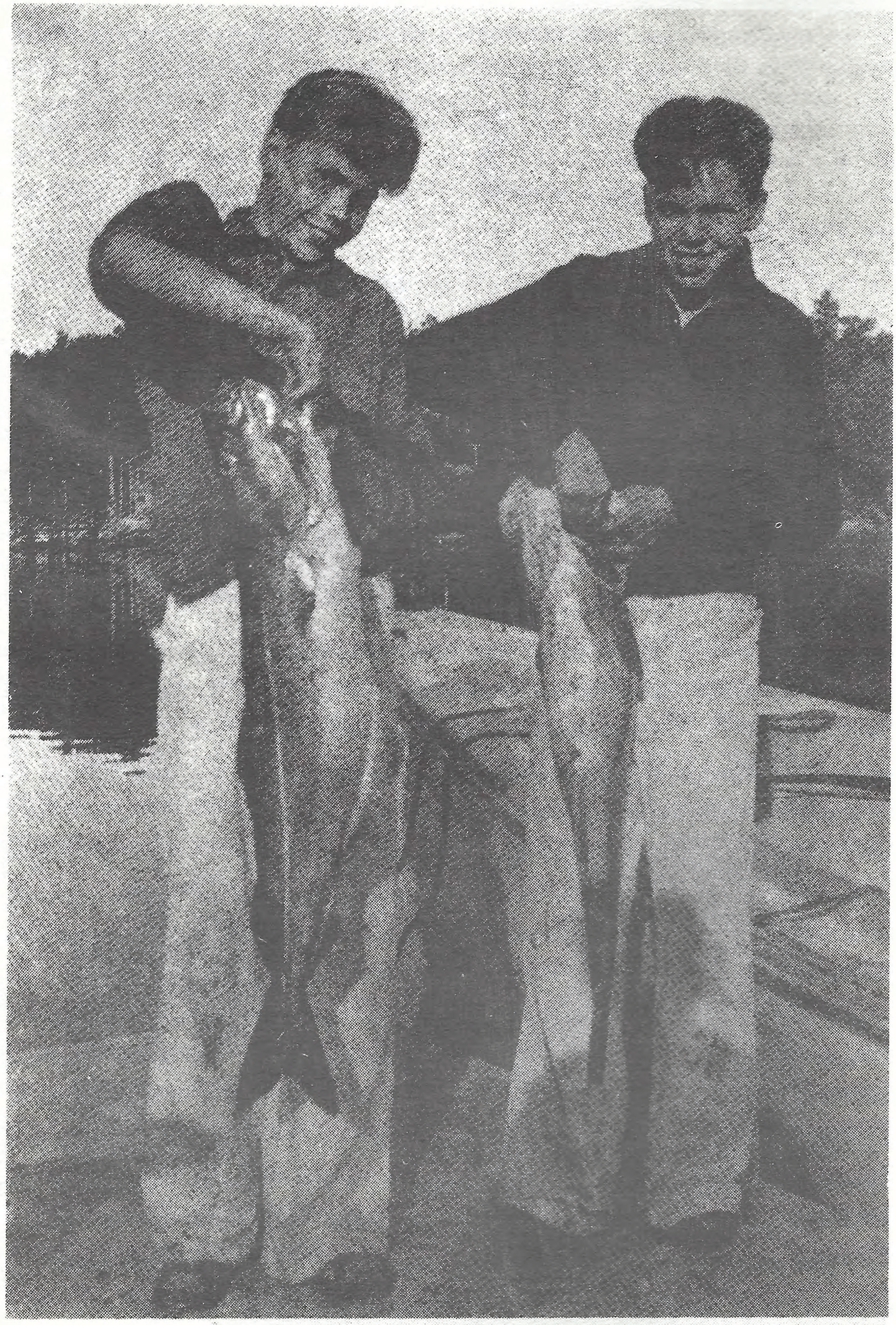
Finally, in a frenzy of embarrassment I will never forget, I asked her if I could take her to the circus. She blushingly accepted and my 'date' was an impossible combination of heavenly joy and terrifying nightmare. We went on one of the old open summer trolley cars, she in a pretty white dress and I in baggy pants and what I imagined was a dashing white sports coat. I did my best to be an attentive gallant, helping her on and off the trolley and acting like the movie lovers I'd seen, acting with great charm and ease. But I succeeded in tripping her, getting off the trolley and then catching her in a sprawling mess on the street. I could not breathe in the agony of shame and embarrassment, but I had touched her! I was bright red as we walked past the balloon sellers and lemonade stands toward the big tent.

We managed to get inside the tent and tight-rope walk the bleacher boards to our seats. She sat close enough to me so I could feel her feminine warmth! The roaring surge of what was going on inside my physical being and my soul is, of course, indescribable, but the results were not! I tried to buy her a pink lemonade and spilled it all over her pretty white dress. I honestly wished to die and disappear, if possible.

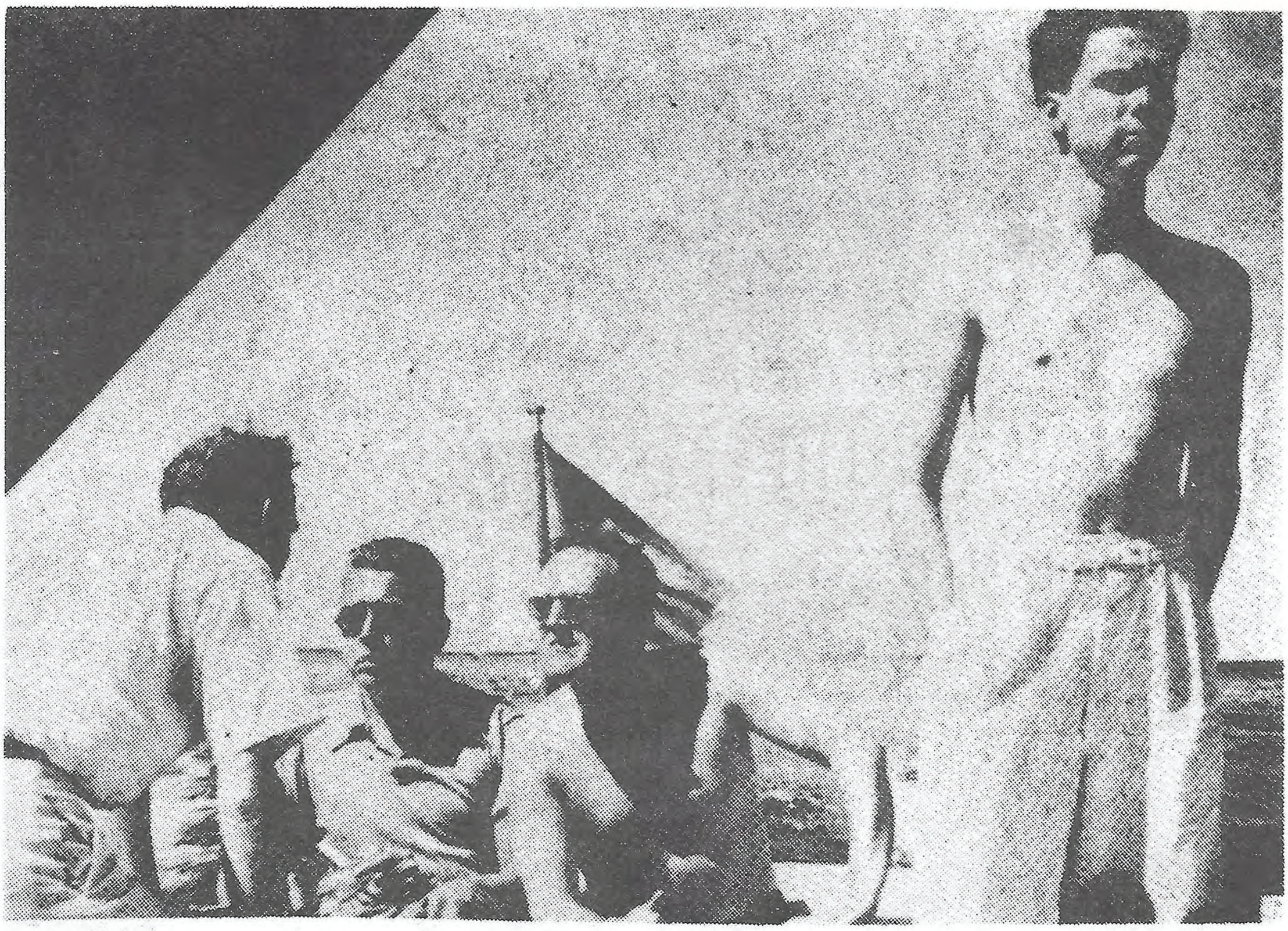
Somehow, I managed to survive and took her skating and to a few basketball games. I fairly burst with pride when I found our names linked in the mimeographed gossip sheets which abounded. But I never tried to kiss her, although she made remarks which I am now sure were dainty scoldings for my miserable cowardice in such matters.

This super-Victorian attitude with women followed me a long time in life and I may have missed a great many 'good things' by ordinary standards. But after seeing more of human 'love' and what happened to many of the brassy 'successes' with women, I suspect that the sweet, story-book memories I keep of such idyllic, if not physically satisfying, love are far more pleasant in the long run than the pleasures of the more sophisticated. I don't believe I can deny that my failure to 'go farther' with girls earlier in life was largely due to plain cowardice where girls were concerned. But I also think most people today lose the savor of love and sex through over-sophistication and impatience. It is impossible to enjoy a fine wine by gulping it all down at once and even a connoisseur cannot appreciate his dainty sips the first time he tries wine.

I believe that the more excellent and more complex an organism is and therefore the more superior it is in the scheme of nature, the longer it takes for it to mature. Negroes can best White men any day in speed of sex maturity and accomplishment and experience seems to indicate that it is the same with mental

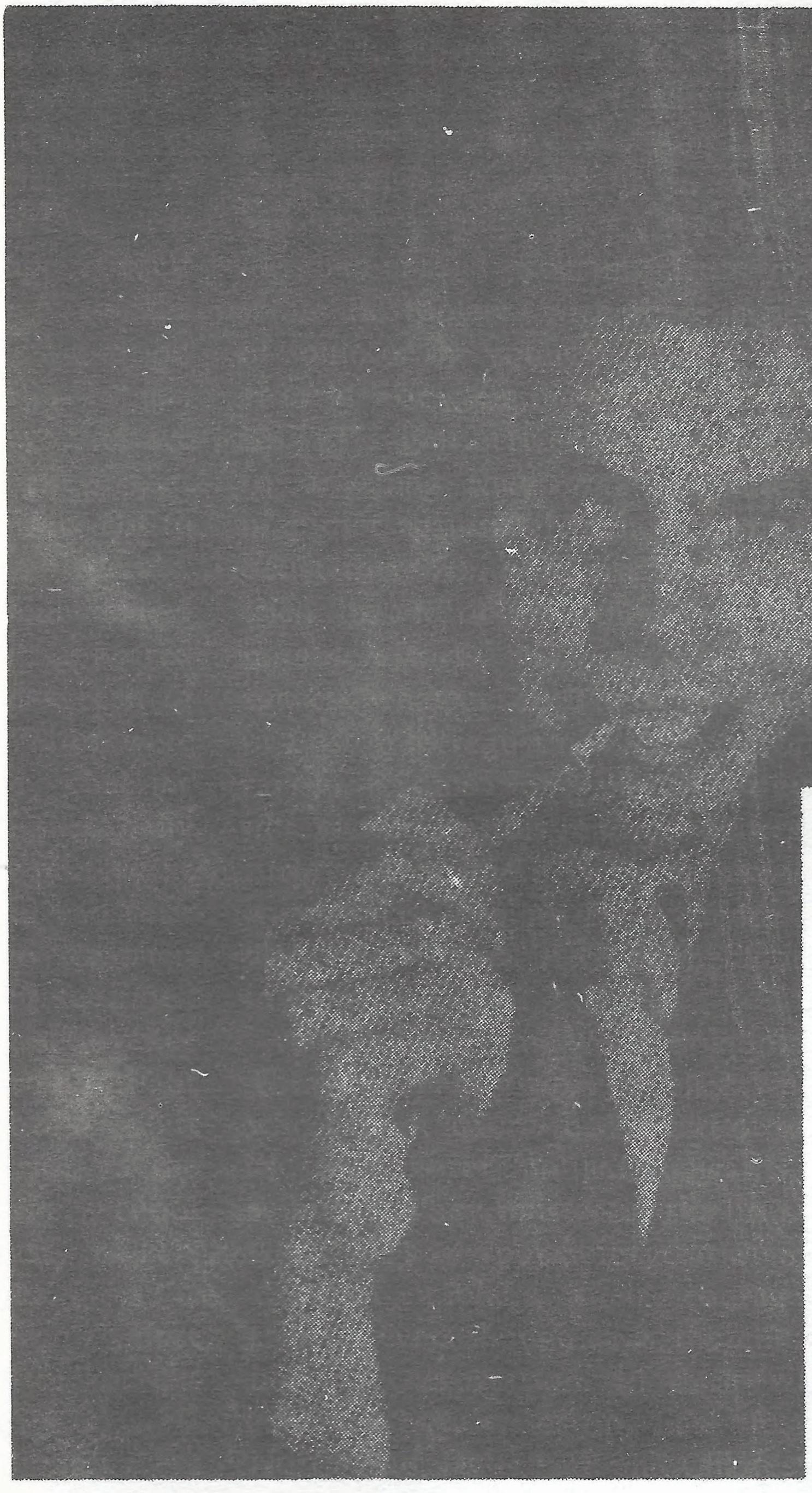


Brother Robert and I after deep-sea fishing, Maine, about 1932.



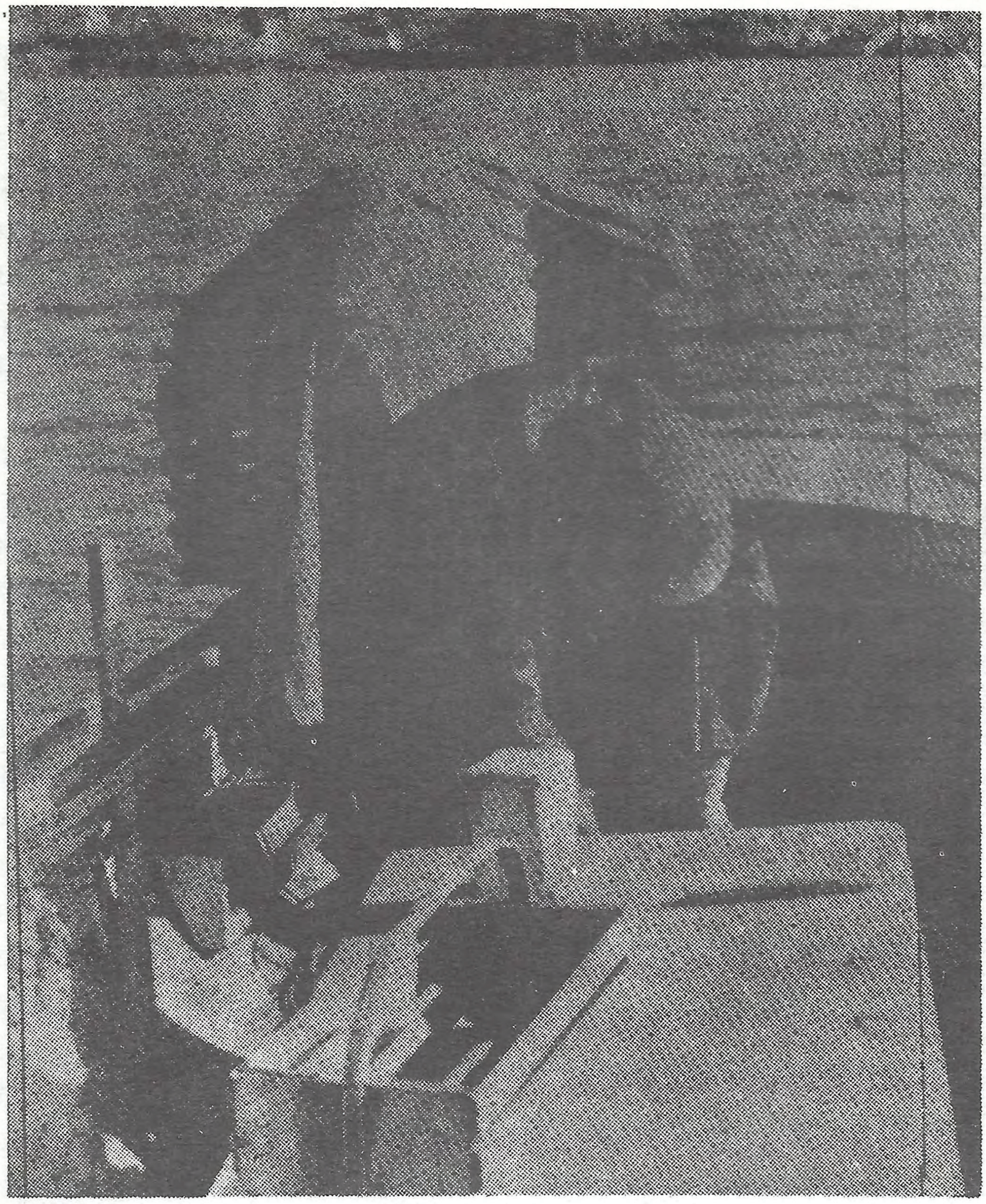
My Father, Fred Allen, Friend, Brother Robert, fishing in Maine.

Our home in Maine, about 1935.



Myself, Providence, 1936.

Girl friend Hazel, taken about 1939.



Father and I,
lobstering.

Brother Robert's Room at Hebron Academy -his roomate, now a U. S. Congressman, seated in chair. 1938.

capacity. The stupid man reaches his maximum performance when he is fifteen or sixteen. Anything he might do later, he can do then. But when mental capacity and ability are greater, it takes more and more years of practical laboratory experience of the world before such ability can be of value to its possessor and the world. When the point of genius is reached, the ability and range of possibilities are so great that only in middle age is it possible for such an inspired man to translate his ability into intelligent action. Before then, he is more likely than the stupid man to rush up intellectual cul-de-sacs and go off on foolish tangents.

Since I did not graduate from high school, I had to spend another year at it and decided to take the opportunity offered me by my paternal grandmother, Mary MacPherson Rockwell and her daughter, my Aunt Marguerite, whom we called "Margie" as kids, to go to school in Providence and live with them. This was one of the most wonderful years of my life. My grandmother and aunt doted on me and the atmosphere at home was truly happy. I attended Central High School in Providence and excelled in almost everything. I was editor of the school paper, wrote pieces for the Providence Bulletin and Journal and generally enjoyed myself. I met Hazel Johnson, a very pretty girl who lived only a few blocks away and who attended Central High School too. Her Swedish Lutheran parents were very strict and in order to have an excuse to visit her and sit with her on the couch, she taught me knitting! I actually knitted a baggy, misshapen sweater, which I wore proudly for years! We went to church together and I sang in the choir with this lovely Swede, holding hands under the long, black robes. I liked her folks and they liked me and it appeared I was to be eventually inducted into the family. Her father was a great old guy who kidded me roughly, but good-naturedly and one day scoffed at my statement that I could learn Swedish in a month. So I *did* learn Swedish, not conversationally, but well enough to say what I had in mind. At the end of the month, he scornfully gave me the 'test', with Hazel and her mother sitting around with twinkling eyes. I was supposed to say, "Give me a horse to go horseback-riding" in Swedish and the old man figured he had me with that bit about the "horseback-riding". I didn't know the word for that, to be sure, but I had learned the words for "horse", "want" and "go". The part about riding stumped me for a bit, but I remembered a word I had learned for the cut of meat I thought was from the back, but which, I discovered later, meant something else. The result was that I said in Swedish: "I want a horse to go on his ass."

The whole family fell out of their seats laughing and howling, which was a bit different from the reaction I expected, but which was a great success, nevertheless. That night, I essayed my first kiss.

I stepped into the little hallway to get my coat and Hazel helped me. Screwing up my courage, I seized her in the clumsiest fashion – in a waltz position, with my arm out and our fingers interlocked – and kissed her! It was a perfectly lousy kiss by ordinary standards. But it nearly killed me with a roaring furnace of emotions and drives. I got out of the door somehow and – this may be hard to believe, but it is true – I ran like a deer about a mile down the middle of the deserted, dark streets. I could not stop. I was exploding with fierce energy and *had* to run. It is not hard to understand what nature had in mind for all that

energy, but I was too excited and mixed up even to feel that. I just ran, ran as I never had before nor since. I was eighteen years old!

During the year in Providence, I had graduated successfully from Central High School and then again from Hope High School, since I had a free half year and needed an English course for college. My father wanted me to go to Harvard and I duly applied. There was a lot of correspondence back and forth, plus entrance exams, etc., but as fall approached and no admission papers arrived, we went to Cambridge to see what the trouble was and discovered my school records from Atlantic City had not been forwarded or had been lost.

So once again, I was 'available' for a whole year and my father decided the discipline of a boys' boarding school would be helpful. I was not so sure of this, but was nevertheless entered in Hebron Academy, far out in the woods in central Maine, near Lewiston.

The life was rough and rigorous, but the school good. I learned a lot about life in the raw, living for the first time with a pretty tough gang from Boston. Quite a few of the boys had been sent to Hebron by their folks as a last resort before reform school and they were my first close contacts with such characters.

But more important, in the long hours and days far out there in the woods, I began to think serious and deep thoughts for the first time. I got hold of Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy* and it set me on fire. The pure, hard beauty of the thoughts of great men throughout the ages was captured by Durant, distilled and set forth so clearly that they could be understood and compared and weighed, even by such a young empty-head as I. Especially, I liked the ruthless logic and unbending dedication to the truth, whatever it might be, of Schopenhauer. I began to see, for the first time, what I have come to know as the conceited, 'liberal' mind, which imagines itself capable of conquering nature and setting up Utopias because it is packed like a suitcase with 'knowledge' and 'culture', but which has no understanding of basic relationships and no humility whatsoever before the absolutely unknowable.

I read Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith*, mostly sitting on a stump in the woods and got so absorbed in the thing, it worried me. It all seemed so real to me and had such an enormous influence on my mind that I began to wonder about the value of reading such a novel. I came to the conclusion that it is all right to read purely escapist literature, but that when one wants to delve into and weigh the facts which are life and death in human affairs, one is mad to permit himself voluntarily to be hypnotized by a novelist, transported out of his critical faculties and thereby to allow his mind to be powerfully conditioned by almost real 'experiences' which are nothing less than the invented devices of another human being. When it is one of the endless parade of 'socially significant' novels which are devoured by our people by the millions, the reader is helpless to weigh and consciously accept or reject the social conclusions of the skillful novelist whose conclusions may or may not be correct. If the novelist is not only incorrect, but is out to promote a particular idea, in spite of the facts, the powerful realism and emotional impact of the cleverly-drawn pictures he stamps indelibly in our minds while we are under his spell put us in grave danger of unconsciously and emotionally accepting what we would never in a million years accept as a naked proposition presented to our cold reasoning faculties.

I read more of these novels – *Grapes of Wrath* – and four or five others, and in all of them I sensed an attempt to convince me of social ideas, not by reason, but by emotional manipulations while my mind was hypnotized by my emotions. I didn't fully realize it, but I had discovered left wing and communist propaganda. I hated it, without knowing what it was!

Characteristically, in these books, patriotism was sneered at and morals were something for boobs, while the people were rotten – except Jews and Negroes who were especially worthy human beings who were usually persecuted wretchedly by brutal, stupid and repulsive White Christian Southern Protestants.

But all of this I didn't form into a clear pattern. I saw only the fact that the novel was dangerous to the man who wished to maintain an independent mind. And I was daily growing more independent of mind. Partly through my father's teaching of irreverence for any statement just because somebody else said so, and partly out of native cussedness, stubbornness and growing mental confidence, I began to examine everything and everybody in a new light: the light of the best I could do with my own reason. I began to ponder religion.

Until then, I had been highly religious. I had often put my allowance in the collection plate as a boy and felt a great surge of joy in doing so, imagining the warm smile of a personal God as I made the sacrifice. But now, I began to wonder at the mounting evil I was discovering in the world and the illogical explanations for it in my Christian religion. I read and reread the Bible, as I had not done before, from beginning to end. I was appalled at the demand by God for human sacrifice, for the eating of human body waste by the Lord, for the horrible cruelties and atrocities demanded by the Lord, according to the Old Testament; by the doctrine that the Lord made millions of people to be slaves for the Hebrews whom he had "chosen" through no merit of their own, while he destroyed his other creatures wholesale for the Hebrews' special pleasure and promised them that they would be able to put their feet on the necks of all other peoples. I wondered that the preachers had never preached from these vicious and repulsive verses. Were they not aware that such monstrosities were in the Bible, as I had been unaware? Or did they know and falsely skip over them just to stay in business? Could I believe that a God who gloried in such vicious and bloody revenge was a "God of Love"? Why all the explanations? It was plain to read on page after page. The Lord had created two innocent creatures out of nothing, placed them in a garden, knowing they were too imperfectly made and too weak to resist temptation and, unless his foreknowledge was wrong – which was impossible – knowing they would fall to temptation and be condemned, along with their innocent children, to *eternal* misery. And then this "Loving Father" had placed the most irresistible temptation, loaded with unheard of poison, before his children! I imagined what I would have thought of my feeble human father if he had placed us kids in a garden and then hung ice cream cones and lollipops and toys all around, warned us not to touch these irresistible delights and then put inconceivably deadly poison in all these temptations – *knowing all the time with certainty that we would be poisoned and fiendishly tortured forever!*

Most of all, I wondered at the idea that if there were a few simple ideas and

facts to be understood to enjoy eternal life and happiness, here and later on, and God were all-powerful, He had made it impossible for me to believe those ideas and facts because of the very mind which he gave me! And then I am to be threatened with eternal damnation for not believing that which I *cannot* believe! My first reaction was atheism.

I did something I deeply regret and shall never do again. I had begun to discover my own power of persuasion and, in the eternal bull sessions of a boys' school, religion is not exempt as a topic. I was genuinely sorry I had lost my belief in Christianity, for it has truly marvelous power to sustain and help one in times of tribulation. I began to discuss the matter with a devout Catholic boy who tried with all his heart and might to make me see my error. We skied five miles over to his church to see a priest he said could straighten me out and I was truly anxious to be shown my error, if error it was.

But the matter turned out differently. Coldly and scientifically I argued with the priest, refusing to let him lead me into the inevitable non sequiturs, redundancies, etc. and brutally holding to logic. He was reduced, eventually, to exclaiming, "You just *must* believe. You have to believe!" I told him I could not believe and asked him if he were not able to help me do what he said I must. He shook his head sadly, no doubt convinced that I was determined not to understand.

The effect on my friend was something I had not counted on. All the way back to the school we skied in silence. When we got back, he said not a word and for days avoided me. I felt a secret shame for which I could see no reason. Eventually, he told me that he had been forced to agree with me and had lost his faith. That he was no happier about it than I, with my own loss of faith, was obvious. In fact, he was even more stricken. The result was to set me thinking on what I had done and whether it was right.

I saw then what I believe all great religious teachers knew, but could not and did not say. The ordinary man is too weak and too helpless in the whirling vortex of life to sustain himself on his naked human will and his cold human reason. Only with some kind of deep belief in an all-powerful magical being of some kind can the masses of humanity maintain social and reasonably worthwhile lives. Without such a belief, they can see no reason for not immediately indulging themselves in their most animal and immediate desires and they despair in the face of death unless they can imagine something further. As long as men are thus ignorant and weak-minded, they must have some such spiritual crutches. So religion, far from being an "opiate", is truly the sustainer of the masses of people. He who destroys religion before humanity has progressed far beyond its present primitive intellectual state is helping to destroy civilization.

Since then, I have come still further along the road of understanding and realize that atheism is as bad as the rantings of the religious fanatic. The latter says, "I was one of the luckiest human beings on earth and was born into the only true religion. All the rest of you are damned sinners." The atheist makes the equally conceited statement: "I have examined the *entire* universe and everything in it and am certain that there is *nothing I cannot know!*"

For a rational man, I think these are both impossibly conceited and stupid

conclusions. In the face of our ridiculous helplessness and microscopic nothingness in a universe of billions of light years, it is madness to assert that some kind of an unknown and unknowable force does *not* exist, a force so foreign to all our concepts that we would be incapable of thinking in terms of "Him" or "It".

It is the part of the intelligent man, I believe, to recognize both his superiority to the masses who must have the fables of religion to survive the vicissitudes of life and his unspeakable inferiority to the possibilities of total intelligence. Under these circumstances, I think we must humbly renounce the right to make grandiose and positive pronouncements concerning a yet unexplored universe whose possibilities are so infinite and enormous that it will be centuries before we can reach even the nearest star in rocket ships. To those who say, "We have no evidence of anything on earth of any immaterial thing or any power which does not appear capable, eventually, of being known," as the atheists do, I reply, "True, but how can you be sure that such forces and power do not exist elsewhere? How can you even be sure, preposterous as it probably is, that there is not some giant being which is master of the universe and which you may never discover?"

Having time and again stumbled through crises in the historical battle in which I am now engaged and having learned later that our accidentally-discovered solution or even what seemed like a misfortune at the time, was the *only* possible way we could have survived, I am convinced that there is scientific evidence of forces which are beyond our comprehension at work. Perhaps it is only the result of unconscious problem-solving, etc., but who can say? My answer is that we must be humble in such matters, because the best of us is horribly, fearfully ignorant of the gigantic mysteries of the Universe.

I am an agnostic, which means that to all proposals and explanations of the mysteries of life and eternity, I say, "I do not know and I don't believe you or any other human does either."

At the same time, I stand firmly for positive, ethical religions, whatever they may be and believe they must be protected and given the greatest freedom to do what they can to lessen the awesome burden of human misery on this tiny planet. I know there will be many intellectuals who will reply that religion has caused untold torture and suffering to stamp out 'heresy', but in view of man's need for emotional catharsis in today's immensely frustrating world, and in view of Pavlov's experiments, I believe that religion is the poor man's 'psychiatry', his only 'escape' from intolerable pressures of society. Since that ski-trip to the priest up in Maine, I have never tried to argue anybody out of his religion and have given strict orders in the American Nazi Party that religion is simply not permitted as a subject of discussion for anybody. We have Protestants, Catholics, atheists and agnostics among our membership and all of them are equally welcome and valuable. We are battling for better things in *this* world and will leave discussions of religious affairs until we are in the next, if such there be, when better evidence will be at hand.

At Hebron I formed my first tiny political organization and succeeded with its purpose. There was a chemistry professor by the name of Foster who was a petty tyrant: even sneaking around the halls of the dorms in his stocking feet to

catch boys breaking regulations, so he could give them huge numbers of demerits. Ed Lewis and I, and a few other top-floor men from Sturtevant Hall organized the Phi Phi's – which is Greek for F.F. – which referred to what we felt about Professor Foster. We burned the unfortunate victim in effigy, marched about the campus with torches and signs, plagued the poor man with impudent notes and generally made him and the administration miserable for keeping him on. And it worked. The next year, Mr. Foster sought employment elsewhere.

I also had fun at Hebron in the process. There was a genuine, fourteen carat, block-headed 'rube' on our floor, the epitome of stupidity, and I was no less sparing of the sensibilities of such good targets of fun than any other boy. But I was more clever in perfecting methods of making life miserable for such characters, a standard avocation of all at Hebron. We invited this hayseed to a 'super-secret' meeting to see about getting rid of Foster. The rube, whom we called "Danny Boone", was delighted at thus 'getting in with us'. We discussed what could be done about Foster with dreadful mock-seriousness and finally 'decided' he had to be done away with. We had learned in his chemistry class – poetic justice – how to make nitroglycerine and the conspirators decided thus to send Foster to his reward.

In growing tension and in hushed voices, we decided to draw straws to see who would carry the 'nitro' and throw it into Foster's suite of rooms. One of the guys announced that he had made some of the deadly stuff and had it on cushions in his room. He went and filled a little vial with hair oil and we all watched him through a crack in the door as he brought the fearful thing back on a pillow, stepping with immense caution, bulging eyes and bated breath. He set it down in the middle of the room. Covertly, we all watched our rube out of the corners of our eyes. He was transfixed, hypnotized, helplessly in the spell of the thing. The fatal drawing of straws was held with terrifying seriousness.

By a 'strange coincidence' the boob got the short straw and stood looking at it, frozen with horror. We all congratulated him on his luck as a maker of history, patted him on the back, told him of the praise he'd win from future generations of Hebron men, etc. Finally, he was handed the terrible thing – inches at a time – pushed out the door with it and aimed at Foster's room.

But he couldn't move. We cajoled and begged and pleaded, but he couldn't move. Finally, he appeared to have a thought. "Hold it a minute," he said, and handed the deadly vial to one of the boys. Then he dashed down the hall screaming, at the top of his lungs, "Mr. Foster, Mr. Foster! They're going to blow you up!" – and disappeared down the back stairway. Foster came bursting out of his room and never did find out what was wrong. The corridor was quiet as a grave and all was as it should be at Hebron. Only the suffocated groans of diabolical joy under blankets and pillows in a dozen cots were clues to what had happened. But Mr. Foster couldn't hear those.

The summer of 1936 I spent lobstering in Maine, as I had for many years before, and indulging my newly-found joys of philosophy and music, combined with the appreciation of nature I had felt since babyhood. I also worked as a waiter at The Green Shutters, a small summer hotel in Boothbay Harbor frequented mostly by schoolteachers, and I learned some new facts about the world. I learned more about females.

to be continued in next issue.

ACTIVISTS' NOTEBOOK

A WHITE POWER ICE-BREAKER

To the incipient White Power Activist, the massive panorama of the silent White majority is as chilling and forbidding as an Arctic icescape. How to break the ice? That is indeed the question.

Let us analyze the wrong way to reach the people whose support we need: The Celluloid Storm Trooper Approach. Firstly, one must dress up in some Third Reich regalia of the 1930's, preferably, or slightly modified, with a plastic mushroom helmet and spit-guard (a necessity, as this costuming has a highly expectorative effect on members of the public). Then, arming oneself with courage, either of the bottled or manic variety, one "goes to the people". The results are usually predictable and have so far failed to captivate any reasonable portion of the White Americans of the present era.

Then there is the Remote Control or Post Box Approach: This is done by acquiring a post office box, which makes it far easier for the ZOGmen to keep their eye on you and your contacts and run periodic assessments of your organizational efficiency. As most persons who receive your 'junk mail' are basically non-readers, suspicious of any unsolicited propaganda and wary of anything which smacks of getting them labelled as 'subversives', you may expect to spend a lot of time, money and effort for nil results. Needless to say, an official-looking notice that such-and-such NS party now exists and that its 'leader', 'commander' or 'grand panjandrum' is awaiting the public's obedient support also tends to deter those few who can read and are reasonably sober.

Then, there is the White Power Approach, which basically involves meeting people on a face-to-face, person-to-person basis rather than via the jewsmedia middlemen. The requirement for this approach is apparently difficult for most self-styled NS persons to achieve and is the main reason why White Americans do not support NS: "They look funny and act funny!" Perhaps the political detractors of Richard Nixon had the all-important clue: "Would you buy a used car from this man?" We can go one better and ask ourselves, "Would you, an ordinary White American, wish to have this person in your livingroom?" It is certain — if the answer is negative — that, without the support of the jewsmedia, such a person could never hope to get into the White House as President. Let us put it bluntly: White Power is not going to get media support. It will only be publicised in such a way to alarm the Jews and their supporters and to render even more complacent and apathetic the White Majority who will yawn and say, "Well, if the niggers do get out of hand, we can always rely upon those disciplined, well-armed, well-organized and superbly financed White Power people to do the job for

us." You see (I hope), the Jews have read MEIN KAMPF and know what Adolf Hitler said about media coverage, back in the 1920's. Times have changed, comrades, and our tactics must change with them. Phase I is over, Rockwell fans. The Commander himself said so!

The object of this first essay for the White Power Activists' Notebook is: (1) To communicate; to become known to your local White folks and to find out what's on their minds and how you can relate; (2) To spread the White Power Message; (3) To stimulate interest in White Power; (4) To recover some of our costs by SELLING White Power literature; (5) To begin the formation of a local White Power Group in your community.

There's nothing sneaky about the White Power Approach, comrades. It requires as much courage to be relevant as it does to behave irrelevantly as a 1930 Storm Trooper. The difference is that relevance works. The White Power Approach is designed to achieve the five results above mentioned. One thing for sure, the here today-gone tomorrow Hollywood Nazi approach is not working, because it was designed with no view to priorities. FORM MUST FOLLOW FUNCTION! This is the Activists' Credo in the White Power Movement. This is the reason the White Power Movement exists in the first place. Once the White person has decided upon his order of priorities, most of the work sorts itself out, logically and automatically. Ego-trippers, Hitler fan-clubbers and Third Reich regalia freaks have dabbled and do dabble in politics from time to time, as a psychological reinforcement for their private manias. The ZOG soon weighs up such straw personages and leaves them alone to goose-step on their self-chosen treadmills to oblivion. For those of us who wish to be relevant to Our Race, we supply the following item as an ice pick in the arsenal of our attack upon the frozen wasteland of White Majority politics:

PUBLIC AWARENESS SURVEY
Are Current Events Really Current?

A study of media effectiveness in the presentation of issues affecting Civil Liberties presently guaranteed by the United States Constitution.

(1) Are you aware that the First Amendment guarantees our right to free speech? [yes or no]

(2) Are you aware that under Article VI, paragraph 2 of the U.S. Constitution, any treaty with a foreign power signed by the U.S. President and ratified by Congress becomes "the supreme law of the land"? [yes or no]

(3) Are you aware that a treaty could thus deprive us of our freedom of speech? [yes or no]

(4) Have you heard of the Genocide Treaty? [yes or no]

(5) Do you know the meaning of the word, genocide? [if yes, please define]

(6) Do you know that the basis of the Genocide Treaty is the alleged killing of 6 million Jews by the Nazis? [yes or no]

(7) Are you aware that there has been some recent controversy about the

truth or falsehood of the 6 million genocide story? [yes or no]

(8) Have you seen or heard any newsmedia reports about this controversy? [yes or no]

(9) Have you heard or read of Professor Butz of Northwestern University? [yes or no]

(10) Have you heard or read of Professor Butz' book, *The Hoax of the 20th Century?* [yes or no]

(11) If you have heard of this book, have you read it? [yes or no]

(12) Would you like to read it? [yes or no]

(13) Do you know that this book has been suppressed by the commercial book dealers? [yes or no]

(14) Would you like to know why supposedly commercial, that is, profit-making businesses primarily engaged in book-selling would refuse to stock a potential best-selling item? [yes or no]

(15) If the basis of the Genocide Treaty is a falsehood, as Professor Butz tries to show, do you think the President should sign it into law as he has promised? [yes or no]

(16) Are you aware that citizens of Britain, Canada and West Germany have been arrested, tried and imprisoned under laws enacted in accordance with the Genocide Treaty? [yes or no]

(17) Do you agree with President Carter that the United Nations should be empowered under the Genocide Treaty to have U.S. citizens arrested for making statements which offend foreign persons or governments? [yes or no]

(18) If you disagree, what do you think should be done to preserve our First Amendment freedoms? [the interviewer will note statements down on blank space provided]

The Survey Kit should include the following: One copy of the U.S. Constitution; one copy of the White Power reprint containing the relevant passages from the Genocide Convention; one copy of Professor Butz' *Hoax of the 20th Century;* one clipboard; a convenient quantity of Survey questionnaires; at least one White Power Manifesto and Our Emblem; an up to date White Power reading list from White Power Publications and/or Liberty Bell Publications.

The entire kit will fit conveniently and formidably into an ordinary briefcase and may be accompanied with a cassette-type tape recorder (optional). Naturally, the personal appearance of the interviewer should make him or her look his or her best, a credit to the White Race and an Earth person, rather than some grotesque time-warpee victim from the outer reaches of space.

As the discerning reader has already discerned: the Survey itself is merely a door-opener. If the interviewer is asked, "Are you a salesman?" The honest reply can be a firm "No." If your interviewees become curious about your 'forbidden' Butz book, you might decide to part with your 'personal' copy for a suitable sum. Incidentally (as if you hadn't guessed!) all the items in this Survey Kit are available from White Power Publications, except for the clipboard, briefcase and optional tape recorder.

The Survey Questionnaire may be

ordered in quantity from W.P.P. or mimeographed with such individual variations as the Activist wishes to make. It is designed to stimulate conversation and guide the ordinary White American's thoughts into a White Power orientation, as one can see, but it is also worded in as gentle manner as possible to allow the Activist a graceful retreat if faced with a truly rabid case, like a member of B'nai B'rith who happens to be the Area Watcher in the White neighborhood. The suspicious will ask "Who" is doing this survey. This cover story is up to you, but a brisk manner will usually overcome such niggling time-wasters and you can get on with your work. One reply which works in a good 90% of the cases is simply, "I'm sorry, ma'am (or sir), but Mr (name of local top kike) is paying me to do this. [Such a reply is very good with a hostile questioner, but easy on the b.s.; this is *your* community, remember? and these are *your* people.]

If all goes well and you actually sell a Butz book and get the conversation rolling toward the subject of White Power, you can spring the White Power reading list on the interviewees. If these people are already active in community affairs and are sympathetic to the White Power Message, you may wish to join them in furthering their pro-White projects — you could thus be stepping into your very own White Power Group. Well, we only hope that some of our Activists have such good luck as this, but in the main, we can guarantee that you will wear out an awful lot of shoe leather before you fall into a good thing such as this.

If you are an out-of-town Activist, you could suggest to the interested persons you interview that they may wish to set up their own White Power Group and begin recruiting their friends, relatives and neighbors with a similar approach, if they are unsure of their political affinities. If you are a local Activist, you can begin to set up the nucleus of your W.P.G. from the interested parties you have come to know through your survey. It is up to the Activist to decide whether or not to incorporate the interviewees' names and addresses on the questionnaire. Sometimes people are upset at giving their names and addresses, afraid they might get themselves on some infernal computer program and receive junk mail for eternity. Obviously, the more sympathetic and worthwhile contacts will be glad to give you their names and addresses and the really nasty ones may be marked for future reference by recording the house number of the offending parties. After all, you are going to organize the area for White Power, so you might as well start finding out who your friends and enemies are.

Remember, the White Power Movement is you. Without the Area Activist, there is no Movement. And by the way, you may wish to stock up on Professor Butz' book, just in case you want to visit more than one White household during the afternoon.

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NS EUGENICS: EYEWITNESS REPORT

Dr T. Lothrop Stoddard's outstanding work on ethnography and racial history is the brilliant candle which has largely been covered up by the bushel of kosher 'krappology' which now passes for 'ethnography' and 'anthropology'. Originally these subjects were factual studies of the races of mankind and the peoples who comprised specific tribes or racial subdivisions. The Jew curriculum-controllers have determined that such an approach to the scope and meaning of human existence is too dangerous for them, as racial parasites, so they replaced the solid subject matter with lots of pure Zionist propaganda – the premise that races are 'different' but 'equal'; the study of hereditary differences within an environmentalist context, ad nauseam.

The Jew approach to the study of Blacks in Africa, were one to accept their major premises, would lend credence to the preposterous idea that if you or I had been born of White parents and brought up by Blacks, we would be just like any tribal African. The only problem is that the Blacks are not so stupid as we are to believe such kosher rubbish. Black Africans, after all, have not had their racial consciousness washed down the drain by attending Jew-run universities. The fact that so many Whites come out of our institutions of 'higher education' believing such nonsense is a sad commentary indeed on our racial penchant for gullibility.

Dr Stoddard wrote a number of great works, including the now, all but suppressed *French Revolution in San Domingo*. The fact that this book portrays in an explosively-concentrated capsule form the very things that are happening in America serves to explain the book's unpopularity among the Jew media-masters and their liberal lickspittles and hence, the book's unavailability in kosher bookstores.

If his book, *Into the Darkness*, [which we are trying to add to our booklist] had been written later than 1940, its date of publication, Dr Stoddard's eye-witness account of Hitler's eugenics program would have got him tarred and feathered in the subsequent war hysteria, even though he was not a disciple of the German Leader. On the other hand, if he had visited Germany much sooner than he did, he would not have been able to give a timely account.

Dr Stoddard wrote about sitting in the sessions of Nationalist Germany's Eugenic High Court of Appeals. He listened to cases of persons who had been selected for sterilization – a mental and moral degenerate, a mentally unbalanced person with illusions of grandeur, a deaf-mute girl and a feeble-minded girl. None of the four was sterilized because there was no evidence that the defects were hereditary. Of the three, the man with illusions of grandeur was remanded for

further clinical investigation and Stoddard did not learn the final outcome.

German law, said Stoddard, favored sterilization *only* if the courts had compelling evidence that the individual's condition was hereditary and the procreation of welfare-type offspring would create a heavy burden to society. Most of the emphasis in eugenics was on the *positive* side — encouraging non-afflicted families to have at least enough children to reproduce their own kind.

Here is how Stoddard describes the legacy left to Germany by the Warburgs, Goldschmidts and Rothschilds after the infamous 'Weimar Republic':

"When the Nazis came to power, Germany was biologically in a bad way. Much of her best stock had perished on the battlefields of the Great War. But those war losses were surpassed by others during the postwar period, due to the falling birthrate. Economic depression, mass unemployment, hopelessness for the future, had combined to produce a state of mind in which Germans were refusing to have children. The birthrate dropped so fast that the nation was no longer reproducing itself.

"Furthermore, the lowest birthrates were among those elements of highest social value. The learned and professional classes were having so few children that, at this rate, they would rapidly die out. At the other end of the scale, the opposite was true. Morons, criminals and other anti-social elements were reproducing themselves at a rate nine times as great as that of the general population. And those lowest elements were favored in their breeding by the welfare measures of the Weimar regime. Statistics indicate that it cost far more to support Germany's defectives than it did to run the whole administrative side of government — national, provincial and local."

America in 1940 had not yet reached the point where it suffered from the same economic and social dilemma. Although our nation was beginning its tragic decline of birthrate among the high I.Q. segment and equally tragic population explosion among the welfarists, the peak of national frustration was not to be approached in America until the 1970's.

Yet, at the time, American school boys and girls were reading in their biology textbooks about the contrasting Edwards and Jukes families. The Edwards line provided hundreds of creative minds which enriched America. Most of the Jukes were on welfare, in penitentiaries or insane asylums, requiring expenditures of millions in tax dollars.

In America, the Jewish media-masters refused to permit the airing of any debate or intelligent discussions of Hitler's approach. The question here is not whether we have been unfair to Hitler's eugenics program in our assessments of it. The question is whether we have been unfair to White America by allowing the Jews to close the gates against any intrusion of eugenics in regard to increasing the birthrate of the productive and decreasing the birthrate of the socially counterproductive members of American society.

By leaving our media of education, information and entertainment in the hands of the talmudic truth-twisters, we have let the term "Aryan" become

a dirty word to the unthinking millions. Black 'history' is "in" and White history is definitely "out". Who says so? The kikes, of course, and we go right along with them. "Race" is yet another "dirty" word these days, as if the iron laws of Nature had somehow been repealed by the Roosevelt Congress back in the 1940's, and that "genetics" was something only applicable to domestic animals. We perceive an alien fearfulness amongst our fellow White Americans, a fear of discussing the very problems of race and eugenics which now threaten to destroy our race, our country and our civilization. America is no longer a free country for White people and this alien fear can only be banished by banishing the alien promoters of it.

From *The Councilor*, slightly de-kosherized!

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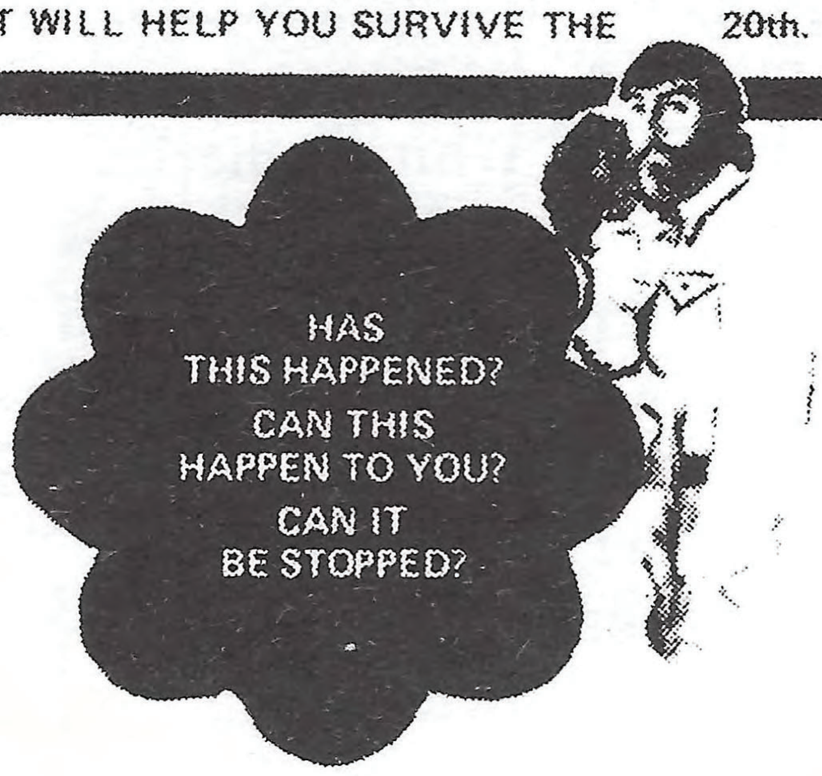

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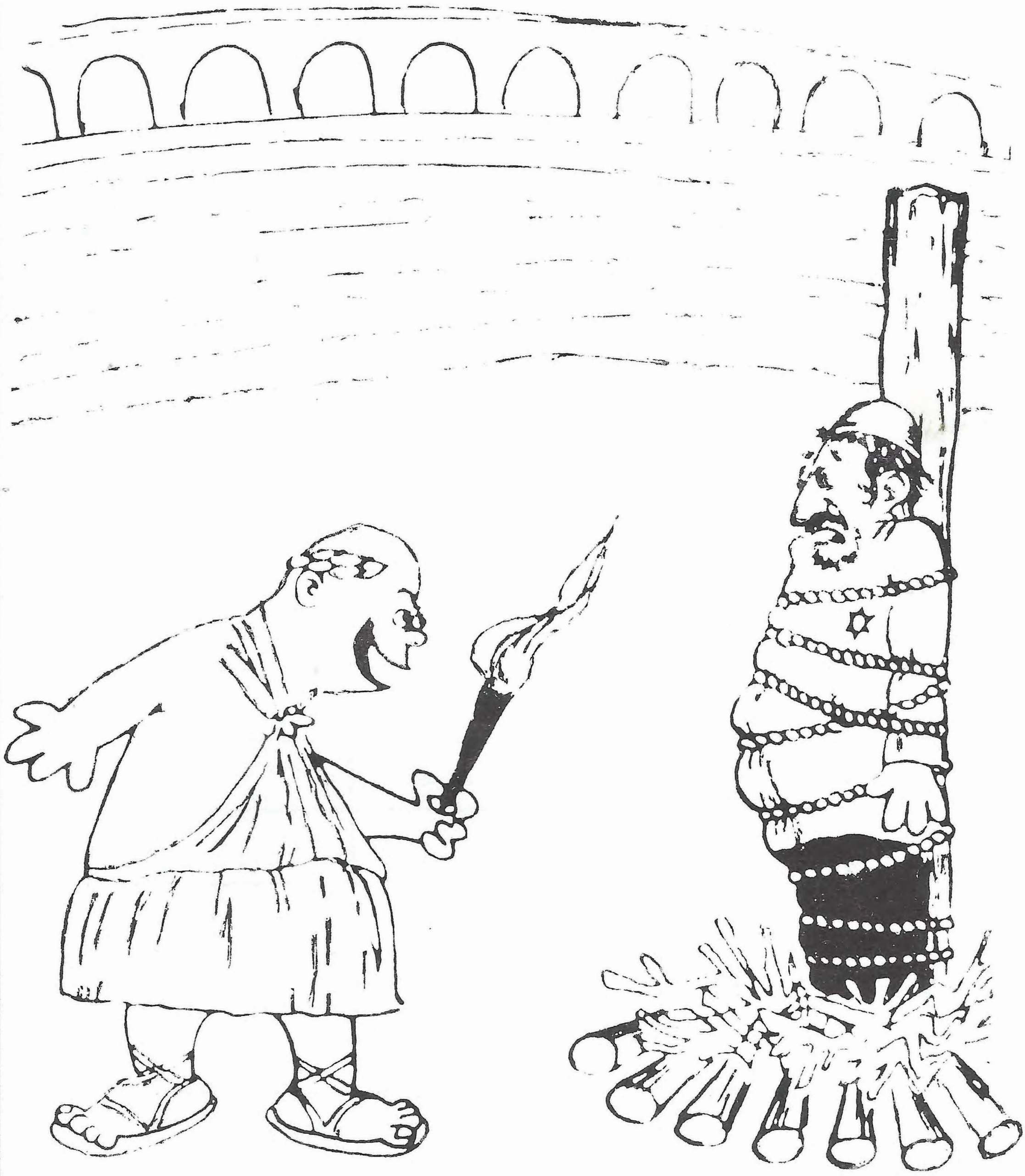

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Letters to the Editor

Dear George: 5.4.77

Your answers to letters in the Bell and WPR are most logical and convincing.

If it sometimes seems that valiant men are hard to find nowadays, you must surely understand that the people of this generation are far more ensnared than previous generations. Earning a living for oneself and family has always been a very real problem. Never has Mr Joo had such a grip on most people. As one fellow said about the Nazi march in Skokie, "I'd be the first in line, *if it weren't for this job.*"

"Werewolf", Wisc.

Editor: The problem of making a living has always been with us. The real problem is that we Americans have been spoiled and have fallen for the Zionist-fostered illusion of freedom. Politics is a full-time job and those who work full time to earn a living have always been in a poor position to take part in meaningful political activities — activities aimed at changing the status quo. The ancient Greek champions of 'democracy' had slaves to do all the work while they debated politics and philosophy in the forum or under the shady branches of academe. The chief Zionist illusion which we must be disillusioned of is that we can engage in all sorts of activities without paying a price. Nothing is obtained without its price, and I do not speak of mere money.

Because the White Power Movement can speak with experience, we do not advocate the type of activity so dear to the hearts of Hollywood-type 'Nazis'. We want our activists to be active as much as possible, without losing their jobs or begging to be put behind bars. This does not mean that the WPM advocates less parading instead of more! It means that we must communicate our White Power Message to receptive Whites in the time, place and manner that it will strike home, for it is nothing less than our homes that we are striving to defend.

Racial Comrades: 5.3.77

Just a few words to say you are doing a good job. It's about time a regular White Nationalist magazine has come out. I regret to say that Arlington can't seem to get out more than four pages every other month, if that.

The idea of a magazine is good. It's compact and the good quality paper allows it to be stored for future reference without the 'self-destruct' factor of newspaper.

The situation in Boston is terrible, millions of spicks, kikes and, of course, smelly, shoving, yelling, arrogant bush apes. Most of the Whites I've tried to wake up are just too scared to face the facts. They don't want to know.

That doesn't keep them from losing their jobs to the niggers, however. Two of my friends are now unemployed because their company management had to kick them out of work on an "affirmative action" directive. [Translation from the bureaucratese:

Whites fired, Blacks hired!]

Here's a typical incident that really happened in South Boston: The Gillette factory employed a Negress to sort out job applications. She did a real fine job of sorting, all right. In order to cut down on 'wasted' office space, she threw every White application in the trash and filed only Blacks'. It's no surprise that Gillette is now 85% Black, but she was finally caught 'black-handed' and Gillette was forced to take "affirmative action". Instead of firing her, they put her in a higher paying position in another office.

Well, Whitey, just think of all those niggers in government offices — city, county, state and federal — and think of all those additional Blacks being hired for similar positions of responsibility in industry and commerce. Do you actually believe that either you or your kids are going to get an even break? Don't bet your future or your life on it. The "live and let live" types will find out when it is too late. Those of us who are awake to the danger had better get ourselves together while there's still time. WHITE POWER is the Only Way!

J.P., Mass.

Editor: You said it, Comrade! We still have time, but not much of it. Let's organize while we can still do something in the open. Take it from me, it's much easier to do things when you don't have to be secretive about it. So let's organize for White Power while the sun shines!

Hello Racial Comrades! 5.3.77

Thank you for the latest issues. The list of chameleons is beautiful! How many millions more? We will be lucky to find that the Racially Reliable Remnant of America even totals 30 million when we have our first National Census, rather than the previous kosher head-counts.

May 1941 — 36 years ago — a man flew to stop a fratricidal war between racial brothers. For 36 years this messenger of peace is still in chains. No excuses can explain this shameful fact away. The twin sisters of Zionism share the guilt for this injustice — the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. alike. Just imagine, 36 years in prison for trying to prevent a slaughter!

Dare any of us despair after the example of Rudolf Hess, Prisoner of Peace? Dare any of us complain about our minor inconveniences, compared to his agonies?

We can only repay the debt we owe National Socialist Germany by fighting forever for Our Racial Nation. *Am Ende steht der Sieg!* 88!

Bob Miles

Political Prisoner

Editor: Certainly, most White Americans are unaware that there are more kikes in Jew York than in Israel and that the capital of Zionist tyranny is here. Moscow is merely a branch office, an agency. International communism and international capitalism are both Jewish, but few of the White sheep on their way to slaughter wish to know this.

Gentlemen: 5.20.77

I am interested in your publications which, according to New York newspapers, express a point of view unpopular with the current public opinion makers. Please send me a list of your publications.

F.G., NY

Editor: Thank you Mr Wiesenthal, for mentioning us in your speech to the press! Readers please note: Mr Simon Wiesenthal was employed as a Gestapo

informer in Yugoslavia during the 1940's, so he should know something about the people he is so hotly pursuing.

This was one of several enquiries we received subsequent to Wiesenthal's denunciations of White Power Publications in the Jew York press. With enemies like Wiesenthal, who needs a friend?

Dear Mr Dietz: 5.27.77

I am serving time at Soledad Prison. I was a prospective member of 'Captain' John Butler's A.N.S.M., a Mason-Brannen affiliate. I don't know if you have heard or if Comrade B. ever told you the position I was put in because of John Butler, but I will try and explain.

I was released from prison on June 21, 1976 and upon arrival to the streets, I met a member of the ANSM, a certain Bill Saiens. He in turn introduced me to John Butler, who introduced me to others and I immediately became a prospective member. As I was eventually to find out, two of Butler's 'Lieutenants', both of whom were his personal bodyguards and one of whom was Group Treasurer, were undercover agents of the ATFD, the worst ZOG Smersh unit around, these days.

I had been out on the streets for only 68 days when I was busted again by these people. The charge was burglary, but what's so cold is that these agents couldn't have known so much about me, since I was just recently paroled. It was about 3 months later, as I was in the county jail, that the story came out.

Comrade C. was busted and ran down the facts about the two agents and my bust. C. is now in prison serving five years.

Butler, it turned out, had not only put the two ZOGmen in high positions, but told them everything that was on his mind. Nobody ever told 'Captain' Butler about security and the 'need-to-know' bit, I guess. At least, he never used good sense around creeps.

The ATFD agents gave me to Burglary Detail and Comrade C. got busted for sale of firearms. Butler is on the run and those of his outfit who aren't already in the joint or county jail are also on the run. And all because of Butler's stupidity. He's a good guy, but he ruined a good group and a lot of people will be messed over because of his ignorance to screen people.

Before my friends got busted, they overheard Bill Saiens tell John Butler that everything was my fault because I was busted first. Since Butler didn't know he was being misled at the time, he also blamed me, but I am sure he later found out the truth.

Bill Saiens was a 'Sergeant' in the ANSM and Butler also messed up and made a Mexican a member and a 'Sergeant' to boot. So because of this bad leadership, I will do 3 years in prison, after doing 2½ years, with 68 days out.

Bill Saiens is involved, I hear, with another NS group somewhere else.

I would like to get involved with another group that's more together than the Butler bunch. I don't want to fall into any more traps or join some group that has real loose security and half-breed members.

Comrade B. tells me you people have your stuff together and although membership at this time is impossible, I would like to get involved in the WPM when I get out. I would be proud to join a group that is not infested

with cops or non-Whites, but I need some guarantee. If you can, I'd like you to publish this in the WPR. Also, Comrade B. said you people have done him right and might do the same for me. I'd really appreciate it.

I enjoy reading the stuff Comrade B. receives from you people and the Comrades who write to him. I'd appreciate a personal reply to this letter and thanks so much, Mr Dietz, for your time. I know you are very busy.

Michael S. Canale B-63053
CTF-CENTRAL, P.O. Box 686
Soledad, CA 93960

Editor: How about writing this Comrade, Comrades? We do the best we can, but there are just not enough hours in the day to handle all the letters we receive on a personal basis. I want to thank our White Power Activists and Supporters for their donations which have made possible the sending of White Power literature to our Racial Comrades in chains. Without your help, we couldn't do it.

In case our readers are in the dark about "ZOG", this means "Zionist Occupation Government", our present rulers. "Smersh" of course, to all the James Bondsmen is the KGB outfit which bumps off or otherwise terminates White Nationalist agents and activists. The Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms Division of the Treasury Department, the ATFD or ATF, for short, is now the most active ZOGORG (ORG = Organization) and does hit jobs for the Anti-Defamation League, now that the FBI & CIA are in the doghouse. So now that you've had your alphabet soup, you know what is going on whenever you see ZOG-wise comrades using such terminology.

Some armchair activists accuse us of paranoia in the security section, but how frequently must we issue warnings to our Racial Comrades in regard to caution?

Please, White People! Let's start using our noggins and design our White Power Groups so that FORM FOLLOWS FUNCTION. The present function of all Activists and White Power Groups is now the spreading of the Idea of White Power. We are not trying to spread an administrative system. Right now, the field is crowded with pseudo-political groups which have no ideology and therefore no function. In the process of spreading the Idea of White Power and White Unity, the Organization will form itself. Remember, Lenin's victory began with a scruffy little rag called "Iskra" or "Spark" and his paperboys were his agents. FIRST COMES THE IDEA!

Hollywood Nazis need not apply.

Dear Mr Dietz: 6.1.77

Just a note to confirm Comrade Canale's letter. I have known him for some time and when he came back to prison and ran down the story, I was really disappointed. I've read his transcripts and he was really messed over by the ignorance of John Butler and his lousy security.

I know that when I get out, I won't want the same thing to happen to me.

This is a perfect example of why people should be very careful who they recruit, because there are a lot of people who are good potential members and the enemy agents ruin the movement for them. The ZOG is really down on us.

White Power is a great idea in prison, but it's much better to spread the word and to organize when you are free and on the outside. White Power!

D.B., CA

Editor: Many thanks, Comrade. It just goes to prove what we have been saying all along: Poor leadership is worse than none at all and quality must always come before quantity. Just because we are lonely does not mean we must recruit every friendly ZOG agent who wants to keep us company.

I think Comrade Canale will find White Power Movement more efficient in regard to security as we encourage recruiting on a 'cell-system' basis and do not even keep unit membership lists. Nor do we have rallies to allow the ZOG a free head-count of Activists and Supporters, nor do we allow any more members to gather in a single location than are needed immediately for the successful attainment of an objective.

This does not mean that we do not have uniforms, and will not eventually hold mass rallies and parades, but it does mean that we know there is a time and place for everything; that we must exercise strict cost-effectiveness and we must above all, make use of the time available. Those White people who think they are politically active and take the leisurely approach are only ignorant of the situation. Act now, for there will never be a better time to do what you should be doing for Our Race!

Dear Mr Dietz: 3.27.77

I enclose $20 for one year's subscription to Liberty Bell & White Power Report. I realize that this is long overdue, but I have been extremely low on cash until recently.

I really enjoy reading the books I received from you a few months ago and find them quite enlightening. I am presently reading *Hitler Was My Friend.* I find this gives a more personal side of the life of the Great Leader, as told by his good friend, Heinrich Hoffmann. I would recommend this book to everybody!

Lastly, I want to thank you for the excellent work you did for me on my White Power Movement sticker order. Now I know where I can go to have good work like this done again. Keep up the good work, on behalf of the White Power Movement!

B.H. IL

Dear Comrades: 4.18.77

Here is my order for two books and my monthly pledge. I am proud to be in the White Power Movement and hope to be able to visit you this summer.

As ever, Your Comrade,
C.F., Minn.

Comrade George: 4.23.77

Again, I appreciate your material which I make sure gets into White hands in my area.

I seem to be having difficulty in receiving my WPR regularly. Every other issue seems to "disappear" in our niggerized postal system. Thank you for sending the replacements. My son also appreciates your White Power material.

Please send me the following: *China, the Jews & World War III* and *Ufo's — Nazi Secret Weapon?* My check is enclosed.

Please tell Comrade Eric that I appreciate his taking the time to write me. His letter gives me a boost in these somewhat discouraging times. As he says, no matter what a person's age, if he looks after the health of mind and body, he will be filled with the winning spirit and will be an asset to Our Cause as long as he lives.

I can sympathize with you Comrades at Reedy with your mountains of correspondence and a workload which must be overwhelming. We can all take heart and strength when we remember the words of Our Leader, speaking to a group of his Storm Troops: "This is a great and noble cause – so great, it is worth the last drop of blood."

This Carter and his gang are evidently the ones who think they will bring to fruition the age old plan of the Jew bankers and other criminal elements to establish a Zionist world government ruled from Jew York with a branch office in Moscow and Tel Aviv. Could anything be more sickening than this deceptive punk president speaking of "our security" being threatened and using this as an excuse for gas rationing and more government controls? You and I know that our gang of queers and criminals in the Jew-nighted States State Department have for years been building up the Jew-ruled Soviet Union, while niggerizing and otherwise destroying the effectiveness of our armed forces. I have always suspected that the ZOG has intended to feed the Soviet armed forces with our grain and use them to police the U.S.A., after our own defense establishment is sufficiently weakened.

I guess I should take Covington's advice and stop writing long, chatty letters to you Reedyites, but I do believe an exchange of ideas is good, as long as I follow his advice not to tell you how awful the kikes and niggers are.

Harold Covington, in my opinion, is another great and valuable Activist in our struggle, ranking with the other great men of the NS movement in America: George Dietz, Eric Campbell and Christof Friedrich. I don't intend that as flattery, but simple fact. I can tell you that at least one Racial Brother appreciates your great efforts, your courage and your intelligence in this fight for the greatest Cause on Earth. Too many of us fall very short of the "glorious unselfishness and indomitable heroism" which marked the early stages of the rise of the Party in Germany, in the words of Dr Otto Dietrich. You are coming pretty close to this ideal, however.

So much for that. We all have much work to do. There is no resting on our laurels. To rest is to rust.

White Power!

Herman Talley, Fla.

Editor: What more can I say, Comrade, except, thank you, on behalf of us all. We shall keep striving to do our best to attain the National Socialist Ideal.

Hi George! 4.4.77

Here's my check for your MEIN KAMPF and WHITE POWER special two-book offer.

Guess I'm kind of dumb – what's the significance of "88"?

Keep it up! You're getting popular in this area – facts are more impressive than jackboots. Thanks.

S.E., Minn.

Editor: Thanks for the support and the morale-boost. "88" stands for the 8th letter of the alphabet, twice repeated: H.H., meaning Heil Hitler!

O.K., you closet Nazis, make sure you slam the doors shut, tight. Sorry if I blew your "cover".

The Editor: 4.15.77

First, I must thank you for your prompt attention to my order. We were all pleased with your book, *The Hitler We Loved & Why.* I can find no

fault with this courageous man of genius. Oh, for a few more like him!

I hope you will not take the rest of this letter amiss, for it is written in good faith by me who has fought against the Jew Conspiracy for a lifetime. I am now 61 and my husband and I have been persecuted, threatened with violence and lost our jobs. I have actively distributed literature and have walked myself flat-footed spreading the truth about the Jews. We are well-informed about the Jew plan for world conquest.

To come to the point: the WPM sticker you sent me has the Israeli colors, blue and white and uses the five-pointed star which is the Red Star of the Kremlin. How, just how, could you do this? This is the star of Judas or Judah, as it is called today. It is replacing the four-pointed, Christian Star, our Christian Star, which is perpendicular and forms a cross for the four points of the compass. I could go on at length with more proofs of this disastrous choice of symbols on your part.

It looks as if you have chosen to entrap the Christian Swastika within the confines of the evil Jewish star! Remember, ours is the four-pointed star. I would appreciate hearing from you on this.

J.W., R.S.A.

Editor: It's quite simple, Madam, the Masonic founding fathers of the United States knew we would have a Jewish problem and so they left the center of the white, five-pointed, United States symbol blank, so that the Holy Swastika could come in and clean out the kikes. We explain our choice of existing, historically valid symbols rather than krinklejammer thingies in our booklet, Our Emblem. *I suggest you read it.*

Dear Friends: 4.20.77

The Tree of Liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. I am a White political prisoner at Grady, Arkansas who needs some help and support.

You warriors out there, keep your heads high and never give up. We will win with White Unity. It might cost a lot, but America is worth it. There are 3 ways to win back America: The Soap Box, The Ballot Box and The Cartridge Box. The Soap Box has failed because of media control and censorship. The Ballot Box is rigged, and if the advocates of gun control have their way, The Cartridge Box will be empty.

Time is short. The animals have full control now, especially in the ZOG prison system. Your Racial Comrades in chains need your support. We want more ammunition — ideas — to strengthen our resistance to the ZOG tormentors. We need your White Power literature and we can receive it only from Liberty Bell or White Power Publications, not individuals, so please support George Dietz. You'll be supporting us when we need it most.

Please write. I thank you for your fine effort.

Carl M. Birmingham, No. 64486
Bks 7 — West Hall, P.O. Box 500
Grady, Ark. 71644

Editor: Well said, Comrade! We haven't quite yet lost our soapbox, though, and we are making sure our cartridge box stays full and keep our powder dry. As you say, ideas are the real ammunition, for without them, no amount of bullets nor ballots can achieve anything.

[This Editorial letter accompanied an order for White Power literature which

was sent to England.]

Dear Comrade:

Comrade F. instructed us to send you some of our material which I hope will arrive in your hands safely and without too much delay from your postal mud-people.

There seems to be an unfortunate tendency in Britain to adopt a kinky, necrophiliac/nostalgic attitude when National Socialism is mentioned or otherwise brought up. Third Reich regalia nuts seem to choke the vitals of this White Man's movement for racial renaissance in once great Britain. It appears to us as absurd as it would to you, had you been on the sinking Titanic *and discovered that the lifeboats were being picked to pieces by avid collectors of nautical splinters. To maintain that life was only worth living in 1940 or thereabouts is to be dead, no matter what the sayer's chronological age or state of physical health.*

I therefore hope that your interest in National Socialism is not of this kind and I trust that you will understand what connection the WHITE POWER MOVEMENT in America has with its Germanic predecessor after reading our material. If you are further interested, we hope you will subscribe to our monthly publications.

First off, you are probably interested in our connections with the NSDAP. Well, some of our members have lived during the wonderful time of the Third Reich and they lived and fought for Germany, the Vanguard of the White Race and the Guardians of the West. Some were members of the Hitler Youth, others also members and warriors of the Wehrmacht and Waffen SS. Still others were from our racial ranks in Spain and fought in the Blue Division on the Eastern Front, as their sons and daughters are fighting now for National Socialism in Europe. Some of our members have seen and heard Adolf Hitler with their own eyes and ears. Those of us who have not, are nevertheless inspired by Hitler's words, both spoken and written.

Thus, THE WHITE POWER MOVEMENT is National Socialist and follows in the footsteps of the Great Aryan Leader, Adolf Hitler. Like the founder of National Socialism, we can distinguish between strategy, which is fixed and permanent as ordained by Nature's mighty laws and tactics, which are flexible and determined by time and place. There is no need to ape 1940-style, Hollywood Nazis when one is a true National Socialist, of that you can be sure!

Dear Comrade Dietz: 4.17.77

I am writing to let you know that I have been receiving all your material safely. I am very impressed by the high standard of your literature. The WPM is certainly making a very important contribution to the cause of National Socialism.

The White Power stickers have been very well received by my racial comrades here. They have put them up all over London.

Very best NS greetings to all our American comrades. Keep up the good work!

R.M., U.K.

Editor: Thank you for your kind thoughts. We are happy to announce that due to popular request by members of the White Power Movement in Britain, we are publishing special issues of the White Power Report with the Emblem of the British WPM, just as we are for the WPM in Canada and Australia. Of

course, the White Power hymn is modified to include, instead of "America, for which we fought and toiled", "Our Canada", "Australia" and "Britannia". We are also considering "South Africa" and "Rhodesia", as we resume previously disrupted contacts with racial comrades in that area.

Dear Sir: 4.22.77

Mr Dietz, as you say, is terribly busy, I have no doubt. Please give him my best regards, as well as to all the other giants of your organization.

I'm trying to get out the White Power Message, and I am sorry to say that I cannot boast of any great successes. White people seem to be both close-minded and close-fisted, but we have lots of media brainwashing to overcome, so we just have to keep up the work.

Incidentally, *For My Legionaries* is a work which certainly deserves the Nobel Prize. Codreanu will always be a hero of Our Race and my children will be told of him, even if the schools refuse to do their job. This work stands. I believe it ranks with *Mein Kampf* and *The Dispossessed Majority.*

Thanks again for publishing my poem. Incidentally, about the time I sent *The Hills of Hamburg* to the WPM, I also sent a copy to Arlington. Some time after, I received a letter from the Party Secretary thanking me for it and saying that it has been forwarded to the Editorial Department for consideration. I have heard nothing since.

This fact, taken into account with the claim of *White Power,* the Party newspaper, that it is a monthly publication, when in fact I have seen only two issues in four months, speaks for itself regarding the level of Arlington's organization and yours. Perhaps they find other things more important than publishing their organ on time, something which you gentlemen cannot be accused of. Liberty Bell and WPR outshine the others hands down.

Keep it up. Here is a small donation to keep the presses oiled. Hope to visit you sometime so I can check out your bookstore. Thank you again.

Robert Kvinnesland, Pa.

Editor: And thank you! As a rule, we don't publish poems and doggerels, but yours was particularly apt. With all due respect to Arlington, it does appear as if they have taken affirmative action in hiring the handicapped. I remember complaints we received from some Rhodesian White People's Party members who tried to phone Arlington to check up on a shipment of books (about 1200) entitled The Chosen One *which a good comrade had DONATED and shipped free of charge to the NSWPP from South Africa. The idiot on the Arlington end of the line, who I understand is a loser wanted for committing hit-and-run, could not understand that Rhodesia was a country in Africa and that some people there were trying to talk to someone in Arlington about a book shipment. Apparently, Mathias Koehl flipped his lid when he read the book and hoped the shipment would just vanish, which it did, thanks to a Jew customs official by the name of Goldberg. 'Nuff said.*

Dear NS Comrades: 4.20.77

The road ahead is very tough, as we don't have a strong leader – strong leadership to march under the Swastika Banner. Perhaps it will take ten, fifteen or even fifty years. Who

knows? But we will come back. White Power is the only way.

H.C., NY

Editor: Cold comfort, Comrade, but nonetheless true. As Commander Rockwell said, "Adolf Hitler had shown the way to survival. It would be my task on this earth to carry his ideas to total, worldwide victory. I knew I would not live to see the victory which I would make possible. But I would not die before I had made that victory certain."

Dear Sir: 3.30.77

I enclose a copy of *The Soviet Union and the Conventional Threat to South Africa* by C.B. McEwan, for your information.

The situation is deteriorating very fast and only a man like Adolf Hitler can save us now from total destruction.

White Racist Greetings,

M.H., R.S.A.

Editor: Thank you for the information, Comrade. We can all pray for another Hitler to make up for our racial apathy, greed and gullibility once more, a leader who can not only purge the Jews from our living-space, but purge the Jewishness from our racial brothers and sisters. The enemy within must first be conquered, otherwise the enemy outside will never be defeated, for he will always replenish his losses from our own race. As one of our comrades wrote from Germany: "The spiritual message of National Socialism must be grasped, otherwise there can be no National Socialist Movement."

Dear Sirs: 3.28.77

A few nights ago I called up a talk show and informed them I was a National Socialist. I spoke for about ten minutes and brought up such subjects as Commander Rockwell's *White Power*, in connection with Jew censorship of books and news through their control of the organs of public opinion. I named the 3 Jew heads of television and much more. The host, Roy Fox, surprised me. He said the book should be sold on the bookstands, but that no one was interested in radical movements anymore. I gave him some information to the contrary and he finally admitted that I may be right in regard to the growth of NS-type radical movements in the U.S.

Another talk show I phoned had given me an "in" by bringing up some NS activism in the city from which the broadcast originated. I called up the Jew host, Perry Marshall, who became rather hysterical and rattled so that I pretty well bested him in the exchange of comments. He alleged that the NS movement was against Catholics, but I and subsequent callers straightened him out on that one.

The result of my call-ins was that both stations talked about "Nazis" for the next eight hours! A week later, there were still calls coming in about NS. A very productive night, don't you think?

88!

J.E., Pa.

Editor: That's the way to use the media, Comrade! Keep up the good work and keep 'em talking about National Socialism!

Dear Comrade Dietz: 4.30.77

I enclose a news clipping showing some of the trouble we are having in our tax-payer supported forest preserves and parks in my area. Kishwaukee Forest Preserve is dominated by the destructive

hippy-liberal-commie types and Kilbuck is occupied by the destructive bush-ape type. In Blackhawk Park the homosexual and other pervert types prevail, although there are enough "gays" to slop over into the other recreation areas as well.

In short, a decent White family cannot have a peaceful picnic, hike or any other outdoor recreation without harassment from the subhumans. I enclose some ideas for stickers in connection with this problem and hope you can come up with something along this line.

I was also wondering if I can distribute White Power literature in the local churches and synagogues without risk of a law suit. I have noticed signs in front of our two synagogues which bear the slogan "Save the Soviet Jews!" Wouldn't the rabbis be astounded to learn that some people know the truth about this typical Jew lie.

I would appreciate any of your efforts in the way of anti-hippy material.

Keep up the great work for the Aryan Race! R.L., IL

Editor: Thank you for your support and sticker ideas. In regard to the distribution of White Power literature, this is your absolute right in terms of the First Amendment of the United States Constitution. In other words, don't get caught!

Dear George: 4.30.77

I enclose a filthy Jew newspaper from Washington University called *Hamakor*. What they dare to write about their "morality" is very enlightening to us dumb *goyim*, don't you think?

Remember, Cowan gave his life for us.

WHITE POWER!

G.R., MO.

Editor: As Henry Ford said, it is more informative to read what the Jews tell the Jews than to read what the Jews tell us. That is why we arrange to receive every Jew publication (not counting the prolefeed commercial media intended for dumb goyim) *so that we know the enemy a lot better. Naturally, what we find of importance, we pass onto our White Power readers in the form of topical and informative articles in Liberty Bell and WPR. It takes a lot of wading through kosher krap, but it's worth it. The readers of our publications are better informed than either the White Man or the Jew in the street.*

NS Greetings! 3.24.77

Congratulations on the splendid job you are doing in publicizing the truth to White America about the threat to our survival as a race by the insidious forces of Zionism and race-mixing. Before I read your literature, I really believed that the Jews were a righteous people. Thanks for the revelation. Sinister forces have never scared me in the past.

I am an ex-Marine and the emotionally immature forces of Jewry certainly do not scare me. If it is a battle of wits the Jew is engaging in, I am capable of a manifold response.

Ride unto the storm elated!

I detest the thought of Our Race being conquered by a conniving enemy. The strategy of the Jew predators is simple: Seize control of the money system and the communications system – the organs of control – and the remaining segments in the scheme of conquest will fall into place.

Jew tactics all revolve around hypocrisy, which in itself is based on

lies. Thus, there is nothing new in the Jew arsenal. What is new, is the application of such tactics with such unity of purpose, such determination, over such a long period of time. The Jew has organized his bandit formations with a precision and a coordination approaching perfection. How else can a band of criminals and cowards incapacitate a race of warriors – the Aryan Race?

I am presently writing a novel entitled *The Aryan Brotherhood*, which is set in an imaginary prison in America. It is a saga of revolution and is very close to the facts, in my opinion, for a work of "fiction". I will send you a few chapters for your inspection when I have rewritten them in accordance with what I have learned from your literature.

I look forward to a fruitful collaboration.

Heil Hitler!
J.C., CA

Editor: We look forward to receiving samples of your creativity, Comrade. If we can assist you in any way, please let us know. Soul food is what the White Man needs, the stimulation of his star-reaching Aryan imagination. What the White Man can conceive, he can achieve!

THE OLD MEETS THE NEW:

LAMP POST ON THE STREETS OF CARLSBAD, CA.

APPROPIATELY DECORATED

Compliments of Comrade Sutter

ACTION REPORT

HERMAN SCORES A HIT

Comrade Herman Talley tallied up another blow for our side by getting a letter published in his Florida jewspaper. We quote:

"You published the sickening, insulting and hateful letter on March 9 by L.J. Panacek, directed at members of the KKK and the American Nazi Party ("KKK Has Rights, Too"). It must take a lot of courage to call these people 'arrogant racists', 'bigots', 'ignorant and stupid', especially since this is the picture and view put forth and promoted by those who dominate the news media, the publishing business, the education system and our government, and the belief held by most of our mind-polluted public.

What the media and the government say the KKK and the Nazis stand for is one thing. What the KKK and the Nazis really stand for is something else.

The KKK and the Nazi groups are just part of a newly-awakened White Power Movement which embraces all White Nationalists who now realize that our government is anti-White and that White people must unite to survive.

The ideology of White Nationalists is plain and simple: 'Our Race is Our Nation.'

We will fight for freedom to protect and improve our race. We believe that racial separation – not mixing – will work for the best interests of all races and is the only way to build mutual respect.

I ask you, in all fairness, to publish the other side – the real White Man's view, for which I take the liberty of speaking." – *Herman Talley*

SOUTH BOSTON SIMMERING

For some 3 years, your White Power Reporter has shared with our racial kinsmen and comrades their trials and tribulations in their fight against forced race-mixing and school disruption caused by compulsory busing of school children. The embattled White Americans of Boston have writhed and squirmed under the rough-shod boot of Zionist Occupation Government tyranny since that day of infamy in September 1974 when forced busing was decreed for their city, like it or not and the White Majority be damned – so ruled the ZOG.

That, indeed, was the month that was, for the White people of Boston erupted a week before the opening of school and attempted to storm the new city hall, breaking most of the windows in the process of venting their wrath on the most conveniently available stooges of the race-traitor government. When renegade Senator Kennedy attempted to hypnotize the Whites with his blarney, he was shouted down. Here was the man they had elected: A White, Irish, Roman Catholic and a Democrat, like most of the White people that booed him and tried to attack him. Yes, Kennedy was all those things, plus one more – a traitor to his people!

"In two weeks, it will all die down." These were the 'famous last

words' of the inappropriately-named mayor of Boston, Mayor White.

The White citizens of South Boston, Charleston, Hyde Park and East Boston organized ROAR (Restore Our Alienated Rights!) as an anti-busing force to influence local politics. Information centers were set up and marshalls were organized to lead the rallies and protect the parades and motorcades which were the people's only way of demonstrating their feelings. Every Sunday, one could hear thousands of honking automobile and truck horns as long convoys of vehicles made their way down Broadway to the city hall, bearing their occupants who waved flags and shouted.

The canny Jews only needed to observe this righteous demonstration of White rage for a few moments before they could whiff the inevitable gas chambers which they have wished upon themselves. The Jews had pushed this latest exercise in forced race-mixing – genocide – against both White and Black, and they knew that they were dangerously visible and therefore vulnerable. It was time for the old 'Jew-jitsu' of sowing confusion and division in the White ranks.

Under Kehillah orders, various prominent local Jews began to jump on the anti-busing bandwagon in order to steer it up a deadend street and wreck it. The most notorious of these kikes was Arvi Nelson, the son of a rabbi and a well-known talk show talmudist. *He* began to crusade against busing and, using his media-power, soon won support among the Whites. The so-called Nelson is a so-called Libertarian who continues to promote his neutralizing notions on a television talk show at the time of this writing. He has led anti-busing marches and speaks at anti-busing rallies. His talk show serves as a safety-valve for members of the public who can call in to argue with him or ask questions. He was especially concerned with rebutting any caller who suggested that the Jews might be behind busing, race-mixing, communism, etc., although he may have raised more suspicions among the uncommitted White audience than he removed with his glib assurances to the contrary. But this greasy kike slipped in his own slime.

The kosher leaders of the anti-busing groups always tried to claim that busing was *not* a racial issue. The parade marshalls were specifically instructed to slap down any racist or White Power posters or signs which demonstrators carried. But then, in December 1974, a White youth was stabbed by a gang of Blacks in South Boston and a mass protest demonstration was scheduled to be held on Boston Common. Fights and other incidents had been taking place in the newly-integrated White schools on a daily basis before then, but without serious injury to the students involved.

The day of the mass protest arrived and Whites streamed onto The Common from the affected areas: Charleston, Hyde Park, Dorchester and East Boston. They joined the crowds of thousands already assembled. Then arrived the additional thousands of men, women and children who had marched from South Boston – but look who was leading them! It was none other than the Jew, Arvi Nelson, and the special John Birch Society coon, Charles Saunders, who had been flown in all the way from Texas for the occasion.

This Black prostitute for the

Zionists spoke eloquently, giving all the wrong reasons as to why he and the Belch Society were against forced busing. It had nothing to do with race, no indeedy! Most of the Whites cheered him on. It was good to hear *somebody,* even a Black, support their stand against busing, even if for the most way-out reasons, like pollution and fuel economy. If he had been thoroughly convincing, he would have made the White people believe that forced busing was a clever Arab plot to create a fuel shortage and thereby destroy American independence! Some of the Whites appeared delighted, even for this weak reed of support, but the young Whites were not smiling, nor were they cheering this racial representative of their daily persecutors. No matter how prettily he spoke, the White youth had had their fill of Negroes. It showed on their faces and in the way they squirmed and fidgeted in frustration, annoyance and boredom. They had come to fight and found, instead, nothing but inconsequential words. Tomorrow the nice nigger would be gone, school would resume and the nasty niggers would renew their attacks. It is a lonely war which our young must fight, because we are cowards. There is no other word for it.

While the people of Boston were trying to thread their way through the Zionist maze, various White Racist groups tried to give them a helping hand. Dave Duke of the KKK spoke to some ten thousand White youths, but the anti-busing forces of ROAR wanted no part of a group which was traditionally southern in orientation and anti-Catholic besides. The National Socialist White People's Party showed up in their "White Power Bus" and the Whites attacked them, because they "know" that Socialists are all Commies. There is much in a name, as they say, and the NSWPP activists have the lumps to prove it. Some of the Party stalwarts stayed on to set up a bookstore, but they received a less-than-cordial welcome from most White Bostonians, with the exception of some of the young people. Again, it should be emphasized that the NSWPP's ineffectiveness was not due to anything they *did,* but due to prejudice against what they claimed to be. Other White Racist groups also tried in addition to these two most notable efforts, but they achieved no success whatsoever. The White people of Boston were just not ready for open racism. Some of the Bostonians interviewed by this reporter expressed surprise that there were *so many* of these racist groups in existence, all clamoring for a "piece of the action" in the city.

Just who are the White Bostonians? They are mainly working class Whites who cannot afford to skip out of town as the more monied cowards of suburbia. They must bear the brunt of Our Race's irresponsibility, so we must at least applaud their courageous efforts, even though it is the courage born of desperation. In these White areas of South Boston, East Boston, North End, Hyde Park and Charleston, the unemployment rate is sometimes higher than in the Black sections of the city, thanks to "affirmative hiring" forced by the Zionist Occupation Government, using the carrot and the stick of federal funds, stolen from the trusting White tax-payers. Unemployed, they may often be, but the Whites have a strong sense of pride in their neighborhoods. Before the busing began, these neighborhoods had a strong sense also of rivalry, not only

according to geographic divisions, but to old country tribal divisions as well. The youth of one district would fight with the youth of another — Irish versus Italians; Italians versus Poles; "Southies" versus "Easties" and so on, ad absurdum. With the force of habit, these old rivalries died hard, but these diverse and divergent groups of White people have been forced to co-operate with one another, so the result has been predictable: They are beginning to see themselves first and foremost as White Americans and they are beginning to organize and act accordingly.

It is important to mention that these White Americans of Boston are fiercely patriotic and military-oriented. They respect the flag and revere patriotic national holidays. They are generally religious. In short, they want nothing whatsoever to do with alien-appearing Hollywood Nazi types nor with any group which smacks of "socialism" or communism.

Thus, it would appear to add insult to injury that the White people of Boston were not only going to be treated to forced busing, ad infinitum, but also to a Progressive Labor Party pro-busing march to occur on May Day of 1975! The march was to go through South Boston, it was announced a week before it was to take place. This gave the beleagured South Bostonians time to prepare a warm welcome for the commies. "They shall not pass" was the slogan. Thus, the day of the parade dawned upon the serried ranks of some five thousand "defenders" of South Boston who patiently, but enthusiastically awaited the first commie column. The White forces were assembled on the border of a devastated, niggerized area known as Columbia Point, where no one who is in his right mind ever enters, including the police.

It was in this no-man's land that the PLP assembled their formations of Black shock-troops, haranguing them to fever-pitch against the "White Fascists". Filled with Jew venom, the Black Marxists clashed with White parade marshalls and the first blood was spilled. The police intervened and broke up the fights. But this was only the appetizer, for the main course arrived at 2 p.m.

About a dozen buses arrived from New York City and defecated their loads of Jews, Blacks and mixed-race mud-people, amounting to several hundred red and white clad PLP marchers. They fell into formation and broke out the red flags and banners bearing the hammer and sickle, along with others depicting the clenched fist of the Communist Party salute and the Jewish Feast of Purim.

Here was Communism in its purest form, for all the Whites of Boston to see at firsthand. Never will they forget the sight of those PLP marchers! Here was Communism, not hiding behind the bush or under the bed, but right there in the open, singing the hated "Internationale" and a whole medley of red revolutionary songs. What a show they put on!

The police and a special Zionist mercenary group of enforcers called the Tactical Patrol Force had drawn up in formations with barricades in order to separate the PLP marchers from the silently watching Whites. The T.P.F. is about as popular in South Boston as the Black and Tan were in Ireland, and their reputation for violence and viciousness against the citizenry is rapidly overtaking the

worst atrocities of the old British irregular police force. But the regular police are very anti-busing. They know what is happening and love to read any White Nationalist literature which comes their way. It was thus that the police forbade any of the Whites from carrying sticks or bottles – to avert further violence that day – but the Whites were thoughtfully allowed to carry as many baseball bats as they liked. One policeman commented that this was going to be one of the weirdest baseball games of the season: here were over a thousand batters and not one baseball to be seen!

Then it began. The PLP began to march and the Whites rushed forward, only to be met by the T.P.F. Seeing the danger of losing control, the T.P.F. units also stopped the marchers and diverted them around South Boston, through an integrated area, thence to the site of their rally in downtown Boston. The South Boston Whites' show of force had won.

But the young Whites had had enough that day. They were fighting-mad and when they saw the demonstrators' empty buses starting to drive down Old Colony Road which passed through "Southie", boys and men alike went wild and demolished the buses with a hail of bricks and stones. But this only served to heat up the activists. The Whites began to attack any car with a Black in it and several Blacks were badly beaten after their cars were stopped and destroyed. One Black was almost lynched, but White moderates held the youths at bay long enough for police to save him. Children erected street barricades and it looked as if revolution was about to break out.

It is only obvious to state that no Blacks will drive through South Boston these days, in anything less than an armored convoy with air support.

In my next report, I shall inform our readers about how the Whites of Boston became more radical – yes, more radical – for this is only the beginning!

ARDUOUS ARGENTINA

It may be superfluous to report to the Jew-wise readers of WPR that Latin American politics, whether so-called left or so-called right, is entirely dominated by a relatively small number of Jews who act by means of their Freemasonic Gentile frontmen. As in Chile – where top Mason and Communist Allende was succeeded by top Mason and pseudo-Nationalist Pinochet – so in Argentina, a supposed hothouse for nascent and renascent National Socialism, according to the Jews' mendacious media.

Many NS comrades have been so captivated by this calculated media mirage that they are sometimes heard to say wistfully that the NS scene could be brighter on some other portion of this earthly sphere. Brighter, things could be in regard to NS possibilities, but brighter, they are not. Now, back to Argentina.

Although there are only 2½ million Jews – 10% of the Argentine population – their economic power is total. They create the money and the National Debt, as they do everywhere; they own the banks, the factories and the media of information and entertainment. They and their stooges occupy key positions in all major political parties and enterprises, including positions in the Argentine government. Hence, their political power is great and almost total. When

the Jews snap their fingers, the highest-ranking military officers jump to do their bidding, like the most obsequious of liveried servants. The result of the military's toadying to the Jews has been an all-out assault upon the Argentine Nationalist movement in general, with particular concentration of effort against Argentine National Socialists.

The Jew controlled media and churches have supported the Zionist stooge regime's campaign of terror against "political extremists" – as if the Jews' darlings, the Communist guerrillas, were "political moderates"! Thus, it is no surprise to see the public sale and distribution of the Soviet magazine, *Novedades* (Current Events) and the official Communist Party (Moscow Zionist line) organ, *Nuestra Palabra* (Our Word). On the other hand, it is no surprise to see the banning, seizure and destruction of NS-oriented literature and the enforced closing of the editorial offices of the pro-Nationalist publishers, MILICIA and OCCIDENTE, in terms of Decree Nos. 1887 and 3006.

Press censorship was accompanied by raids on comrades' homes and the usual arrests, detentions and tortures without trial. Due to this wave of persecution, at least twenty comrades of the FNSA (Argentine National Socialist Front) have been forced to flee into Paraguay to avoid capture by the Zionist stooges. These comrades have vowed, nevertheless, to continue the struggle from exile or "self-exile" in U.S. ZOG-speak.

Despite the insistence of Argentina's Zionist Occupation Government that "all National Socialist efforts against the Communists are now finished", our comrades insist otherwise and are continuing to welcome new recruits to the Holy Swastika Banner. As long as these comrades are determined to fight, there is hope – however forlorn it may be.

Can we not take heed and use the time and freedom remaining to spread the White Power Message? North American Comrades! In your future there is also a ZOG-raid. When that time comes, will you be able to say, "I did all I could"?

ATTENTION!

All those wishing to contact the Rhodesia White People's Party and South African White Power Activists must write to the private postal address of Mr K.N.A. Rodger, P.O. Box 1190, Kempton Park 1620, Transvaal, Republic of South Africa. NO PARTY AFFILIATIONS SHOULD APPEAR ON ENVELOPES, AS ALL MAIL COMING TO SOUTH AFRICA IS SUBJECT TO CENSORSHIP!

APOLOGIES!

A mechanical defect resulted in the dropping of an all-important digit from the address of Messrs Michael Moore and Garland Hancock in the June WPR. Here is their correct address: 835 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, North Carolina 27603.

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Two Groups Accused Of Funding Nazis

DAILY NEWS, SUNDAY, MAY 15, 1977

By MARCIA KRAMER

Two private foundations are funneling huge sums of money from right-wing groups to high-level Nazi war criminals both here and abroad, Nazi hunter Simon Wiesenthal said yesterday. He said donations made to the foundations are tax-deductible.

The foundations were identified as the Hermine Ryan Defense Fund of New York and the Patriotic Legal Fund of Marietta, Ga. Wiesenthal said the foundations collect money from some 80 neo-Nazi and neo-Fascist groups in the U.S. and Canada to help former Nazi butchers avoid detection and prosecution.

Special Sabbath Service

Wiesenthal made the disclosures after he was honored by the American Jewish Committee during a special Sabbath service in memory of six million victims of the Holocaust.

During the ceremony at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Rep. Elizabeth Holtzman, who has sought the deportation of 10 people living in the U.S. who have been identified as war criminals, charged that the Immigration and Naturalization Service has failed to deal with the cases of Nazi war criminals living in the U.S.

The Brooklyn legislator called on the House subcommittee on immigration to investigate why these people were permitted to enter the country and become citizens.

"Under present immigration laws, if Hitler were alive today, he could enter this country — because there is no bar on Nazi war criminals," she said. She added that she has a bill in Congress to bar entry of any more such persons.

According to Wiesenthal, the two foundations have provided the financial support for the 10 Nazis fighting deportation.

In addition, he said, the Hermine Ryan Fund paid the expenses incurred by Mrs. Ryan, the former Queens housewife, in her nine-year deportation battle, and has been paying her legal fees since she was deported to West Germany in 1973 to stand trial in the murders of 250,000 Jews at the Maidanek Concentration Camp near Lublin, Poland.

Wiesenthal, who is the director of the Jewish Documentation Center for Nazi War Crimes in Vienna, Austria,

News photo by Leonard Detrick

Simon Weisenthal addresses gathering at Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

and himself a survivor of the Mauthausen Concentration Camp, said that the Patriotic Legal Fund is connected with White Power Publications of Liverpool, W. Va.

White Power prints 60 publications in five languages that are used in propaganda campaigns in the U.S., South America, Europe and South Africa. It also sends German-language editions of subversive books on Nazi Germany to German underground groups.

White Power's price list, which gives the costs in both dollars and Deutschemarks, offers 47 titles, including "Adolf Hitler's Testament," "My Part in Germany's Fight, Dr. Goebbels," and "Mein Kampf" in paperback and hardbound editions.

The Jewish Week, Washington, D.C. May 26-June 1, 1977

Wiesenthal says 2 funds aid Nazis

NEW YORK (JTA) -- Simon Wiesenthal charged here that two right-wing foundations in the United States are channeling tax-free donations for the legal defense of Nazi war criminals and that one is connected with a world-wide disseminator of anti-semitic and other racial hate propaganda. Wiesenthal, head of the Jewish Documentation Center in Vienna, made the disclosures at a special session held in his honor during the 71st annual meeting of the American Jewish Committee.

The Nazi-hunter named the foundations as the Hermine Ryan Defense Fund of New York and the Patriotic Legal Fund of Marietta, Ga. He said they collected monies from about 80 neo-Nazi and fascist groups in the U.S. and Canada.

Wiesenthal said the Patriotic Legal Fund is connected with White Power Publications of Liverpool, W. Va. He said White Power prints 60 publications in five languages which are distributed in the U.S., South America, notably Argentina, Europe, especially West Germany, and South Africa.

It also sends German language editions of Nazi books to German underground groups, he said. Its titles include Adolf Hitler's Testament, My Part in Germany's Fight by Goebbels and "Mein Kampf."

Wiesenthal said the Hermine Ryan Fund paid the legal expenses for the Austria-born former Queens housewife Hermine Braunstein Ryan during a nine-year battle against deportation and continues to pay her legal fees as she stands trial in West Germany for the murders of 250,000 Jews.

Meeting held on nazism, fascism

VIENNA (JTA) -- Experts from ten countries met in Vienna Saturday to discuss ways to immunize the young generation from nazi and fascist propaganda.

The four-day conference, sponsored by the International Committee of Concentration Camp Prisoners and the Austrian Resistance Fighters Organization, searched for ways to close the information gap younger people have on war crimes.

Wichita Eagle and Beacon, 12 May 1977
Morning Edition

Anti-Semitism Reported in Wichita

By BOB HEATON
Staff Writer

The appearance of anti-Semitic literature and posters in Wichita has been reported to police and Jewish leaders.

Capt. John Coonrod, commander of the vice and organized crime division of the Wichita Police Department, said pamphlets have been stuffed under windshield wipers on cars parked at a shopping center at Harry and South Broadway, at Joyland and in the 700 block of South Topeka.

"We have been contacted by just one person who saw the person distributing this material," Coonrod said. "Right now we are gathering information.

"But we would like to have some more information, like a license number or a better description, to find who is doing it.

"It's a free country. You can hand out almost anything. But we would like to talk with these people and determine their intentions."

Rabbi Arthur Abrams of Temple Emanu-El said the pamphlets may be part of a "hate campaign" that has been going on for two months.

"We have heard reports of our people tearing down hate leaflets from walls downtown and at least one case of a swastika being painted on a building in downtown Wichita," Abrams said.

"Several Jewish families have had hate pamphlets thrown on their porches. Some families who aren't Jewish have gotten the same thing.

"I am concerned about this. There have been rumors that an office of the Nazi party may be opened here. I have been trying to get more information about it. Anything like that is of great concern to us."

The chairman of the Anti-Defamation League committee in Wichita said the league offices in Nebraska have been contacted.

Authorities say they know of no effort to organize a cell of the National Socialist White Peoples' party (formerly the American Nazi party) here. But a 15-point manifesto printed on one of several pamphlets distributed locally coincides closely with the manifesto espoused by American Nazi elements.

All the pamphlets apparently are from White Power Publications and Liberty Bell Publications, both based in West Virginia. Some material distributed here has an Oklahoma address as well.

One pamphlet titled "White Power Report" has two swastikas on the cover. One is within a five-pointed star and is partially obscured by an American flag.

A book list contains titles also recommended in reading lists distributed by American Nazi elements and the Ku Klux Klan.

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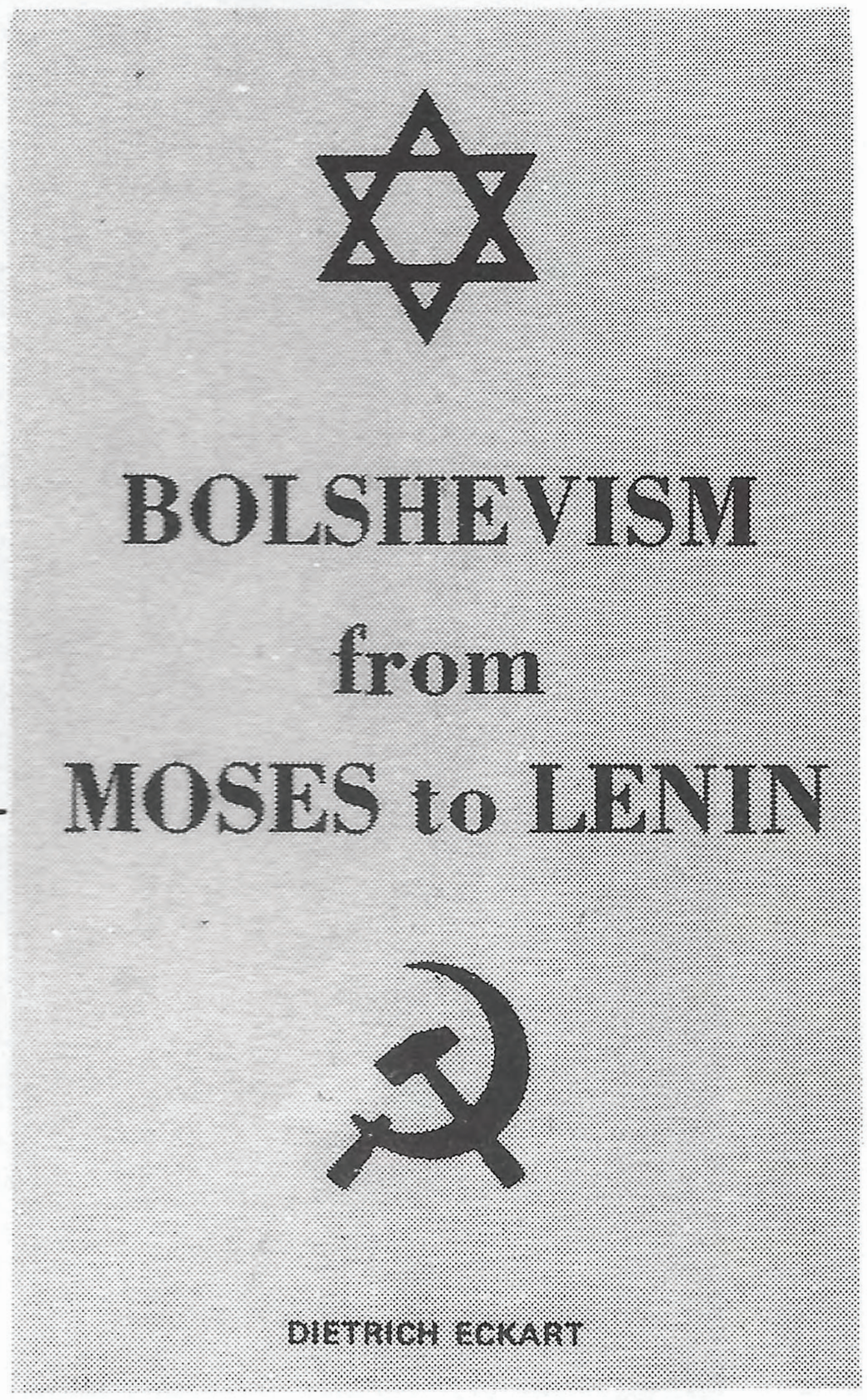

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What we have to fight for is the necessary security for the existence and increase of our race and people, the subsistence of its children and the maintenance of our racial stock unmixed, the freedom and independence of the Fatherland; so that our people may be enabled to fulfil the mission assigned to it by the Creator.

All ideas and ideals, all teaching and all knowledge, must serve these ends. It is from this standpoint that everything must be examined and turned to practical uses or else discarded."

Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*

What the WHITE POWER MOVEMENT stands for:

Because we represent those members of the White Race who live on the American Continent, we enclose our ancient racial emblem, the Holy Swastika, in a five-pointed star which represents our country and because we are Americans, we proclaim our patriotism with the colors red, white and blue.

The Swastika proclaims to all that we are Bio-patriots, not Geo-patriots, because we fight for our people and not for a piece of real estate. We do not defend our land, but the right of our people to live on it. Without the White Race, we have no future and the land no value. The Swastika is not a German symbol. It has been the White Man's Symbol from the dawn of time, proudly displayed by the Vikings, the Aryan conquerors of India, Alexander the Great and American presidential candidates. The White Man's Sign belongs no more to the 'Nazis' of Hollywood than does the Cross of the Christian belong to the telephone companies.

The Swastika is our talisman against cowards, weaklings and do-nothings. It is also proof against our racial enemies, whatever their guise. Indeed, it is our secret weapon.

WE OF THE WHITE POWER MOVEMENT DO SOLEMNLY PLEDGE:

(1) To provide the White Majority with a party which represents their interests and not the hidden hand of Zion of which the Democrats and Republicans are merely two fingers.

(2) To unmask the evil face of welfare state socialism and to cast this pestilence from our midst so that we may live in a healthy society.

(3) To unify the White tribes of America, Europe and the world.

(4) To halt our racial retreat from Victory.

(5) To remove the alien exploiters and parasites from our midst.

(6) To break the irresponsible tyranny of organized crime, bloated bureaucracy, big business, big labor and secret societies.

(7) To regain national control of our money from the Zionist bankers of the Federal Reserve.

(8) To re-establish White Law and White Order in a White Society and thereby, to return Our Nation to the path of progress.

(9) To rid our society of crime and degeneracy.

(10) To create a White Society in which our racial virtues of honesty, integrity and responsibility shall be promoted instead of punished.

(11) To protect the family, which is the basis of our society and of Our Race.

(12) To ensure that honest labor and not sterile speculation is rewarded.

(13) To separate the Races into self-governing Nationstates

(14) To provide healthy and productive activities of which our youth can be proud.

(15) To remove alien control from White Culture, which is the source of our spiritual nourishment and from the professions on which we depend in our hour of need.

WITH WHITE POWER
WE SHALL CREATE A GREAT FUTURE.
WITHOUT WHITE POWER
THERE IS NO FUTURE.

JOIN US AND MAKE THE FUTURE GREAT!

It's up to YOU, WHITE AMERICANS

TO TAKE YOUR COUNTRY BACK!

WHITE POWER

THE ONLY WAY

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CHINA, THE JEWS & WWIII ..... regular $ 5.00

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THE A.D.L. ..... regular $ 1.50

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